

February, 1939

The American Mercury

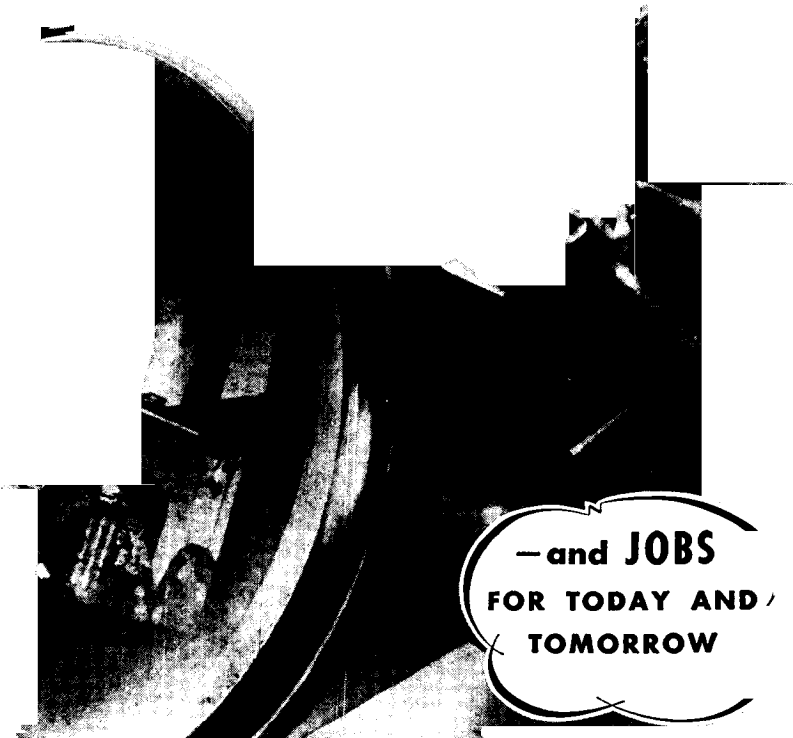


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College Is No Place to Get an Education	Albert Jay Nock
The Homestead Murders Case	Stewart H. Holbrook
America for Americans?	John W. Thomason, Jr.
The Calendar Is Out of Date	Anthony M. Turano
Mexico's Runaway New Deal	Roberto Piña
The Million-Word-a-Year Man	Fletcher Pratt
Saga of Model T	Karl F. Zeisler
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XLVI

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
182

February

Paul Palmer, *Editor*

1939

Are Conservatives Naturally Stupid?	129
Why War Is So Popular	Harvey S. Ford 136
The Calendar Is Out of Date	Anthony M. Turano 144
Our Nation of Wishful Thinkers	Lawrence Dennis 152
The Million-Word-a-Year Man	Fletcher Pratt 161
The Homestead Murders Case	Stewart H. Holbrook 169
Mexico's Runaway New Deal	Roberto Piña 176
The Saga of Model T	Karl F. Zeisler 183
The Judge Takes a Holiday. <i>A Story</i>	Jesse Stuart 189
THE OTHER SIDE:	
The Future of Nazi Germany	John Strachey 200
THE STATE OF THE UNION:	
College Is No Place to Get an Education	Albert Jay Nock 207
AMERICANA	
214	
DOWN TO EARTH:	
Biography of a Skunk	Alan Devoe 217
POETRY:	
I. On Contemplating an Open Fire	Sara Henderson Hay 223
II. Praise for Night	Ralph Friedrich 223
III. Needle in Flesh	Frances Hall 224
THE LIBRARY:	
America for Americans?	John W. Thomason, Jr. 225
THE CHECK LIST	iv, 232
THE OPEN FORUM	241
CONTRIBUTORS	256
RECORDED MUSIC	x

Lawrence E. Spivak, *General Manager*

J. W. Ferman, *Circulation Manager*

Published by The American Mercury, Inc., monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date, at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial office, Ridgefield, Conn. General offices, 570 Lexington avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1939, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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FICTION

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★★★ THE SILVER FOX, by Rene Han-sard. \$2.50. *Morrow*. A most imaginative story, grown, it would seem, from Nazi Germany's recent execution, after medieval forms, of two high and well-born fraüleins on whom treason was proved. Upon this stem is grafted the sad romance of Mary Stuart, and the tale's protagonist, an English novelist and a dabbler in Theosophy, considers himself the reincarnation of Lord Levington, the Scots' Queen's treacherous secretary. Traveling in Munich, he falls in with tall, mystical Fraülein Ursula, of the House of Wittelsbach and Stuart blood—albeit left-handedly; she is marked with a birth-mark on the neck where an axe will bite. Altogether fantastical and entertaining.

★★★ DERELICTS, by William McFee. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. A McFee treatment of a luxury cruise to the West Indies, with the customary romance and intrigue. The faithful Mr. Spenlove again spins the story, adding the philosophic overtones which raise the author's books above most contemporary fiction of its kind.

★★★ REMEMBER THE END, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Solid life-story of a Scotch immigrant who rises to fortune by way of Pennsylvania mines. This hews close to the line of such epics, but is absorbing nonetheless.

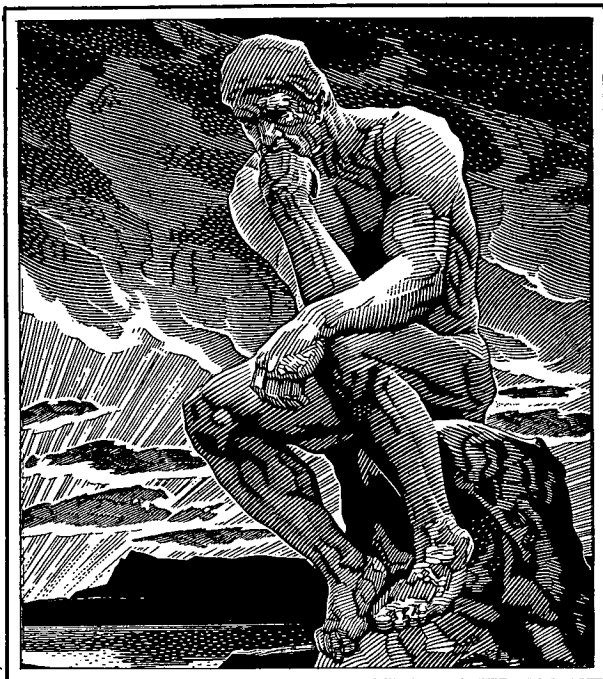
★★ WAR IN HEAVEN, by Philip Barry. \$2.50. *Coward-McCann*. Mr. Barry ends a lively novel about show business with a bewildering search for the ultimate truth. New York dramatic critics are currently pondering, with small success, the significance of the play version of this volume.

★★ LITTLE STEEL, by Upton Sinclair. \$2.50. *Farrar and Rinehart*. This is Mr. Sinclair's sixtieth book, published fittingly enough on his sixtieth birthday. It tells, in fiction terms, the story of the CIO-Little Steel imbroglio, and demonstrates that the author still lacks the one ingredient—a sense of humor—that would make him an outstanding novelist. This is, then, the same mixture of good (straight story-telling) and bad (credulous preachments) that is characteristic of all his novels.

★ THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1938, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. \$2.50. *Houghton, Mifflin*. About thirty stories by English authors, known and unknown. The general impression is that the short story is not the ideal medium for the contemporary British writer.

REPRODUCED 2003 BY (Continued on page 232)

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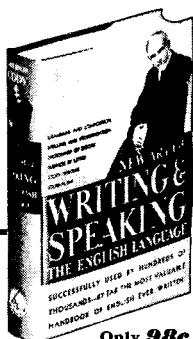
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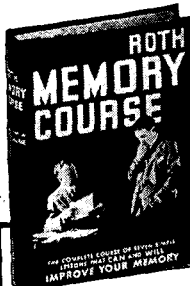
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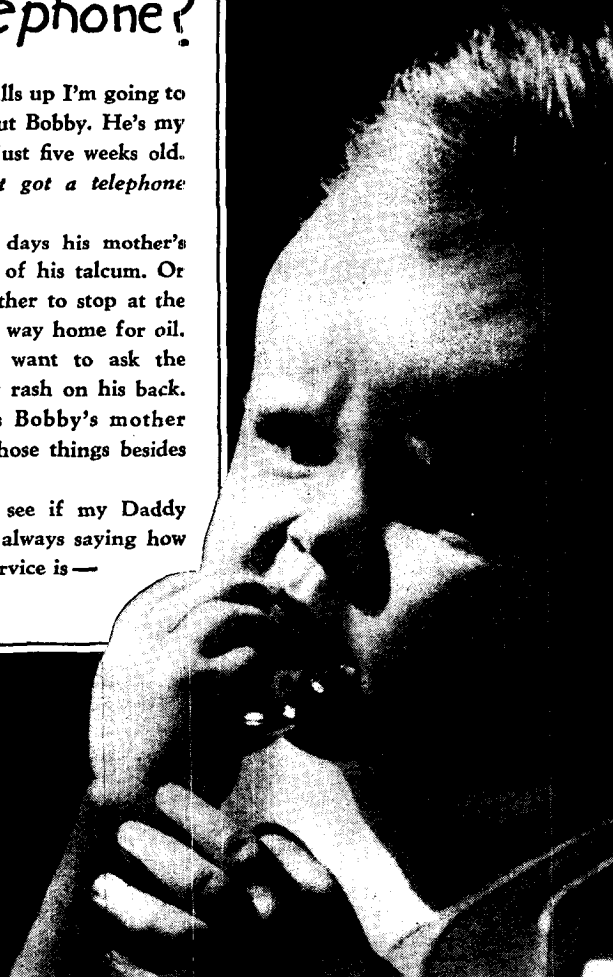
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The American MERCURY

EDITORIAL

Are Conservatives Naturally Stupid?

FRIENDS have been telling us lately that they do not understand why un-American doctrines have been able to make such easy headway in this country, especially among people who not only ought to know better, but whose interests all lie the other way. Why is it, for instance, that so many teachers and preachers are Reds or Pinks, fascists or New Dealers? Recent precedents show plainly enough that if the fascist preachers ever got the kind of political regime which they seem to want, their churches would be liquidated in short order, and so would they. If the Red professors ever brought in communism, or the Pinko *Gelehrten* ever ran us up into one-or-another variety of State socialism, the institutions which now support them

would not last as long as a pint of whisky at an Anti-Saloon League camp-meeting. These people are just the ones who ought to know that any political overturn always goes a great deal further than its original promoters intended. It immediately lifts into the saddle a lively gang of ferocious careerists who are out to put their whole grateful soul into the duty of rolling the original promoters' heads into the basket. This immemorial practice is now known as a "purge", and one would think that recent examples of it in Germany and Russia have been impressive enough to make our forward-looking teachers and preachers watch their step. Granting, as we do, that the preachers and professors are deadly sincere and ready

to mount the tumbril for their Redism, Rooseveltism, Pinkoism, fascism, or what-not, the question is how in the devil's name did they get that way?

There is more than one reason, of course; but there is one big reason which nobody ever speaks of, and we think it is the biggest one, by far. It is that, in the great campaign of propaganda, the un-American gentry have all the fundamental ideas, and the defenders of Americanism haven't a single idea in their war-bags. Those un-American ideas may be spurious and bad—we believe they are—but if they are, the sure and only way to explode them is to meet them with good ones, and that is what the defenders of Americanism never do. They don't do it because they have no ideas; and they have none because they do not understand the power of ideas, and therefore they have not thought it worthwhile to scratch around and get some.

Let us look at this matter in a common-sense way. All human experience has shown beyond a shadow of doubt that you can neither establish an idea by force nor suppress one by force. How far did the Russian revolutionists get with establishing their central ideas until they gave up terrorism

and went in for a campaign of straight indoctrination, a campaign of meeting one set of ideas with another? During three centuries one Roman emperor after another tried forcibly to suppress the idea liberated by the Crucifixion, and how far did they get? In 1793 the Allied Powers of Europe sent an army into France under the Duke of Brunswick to suppress the idea liberated by the French Revolution, and the net result of their efforts was only to scatter that idea all over Europe. The thing simply can't be done. How far today would a "preventive war" of the so-called democratic States against the so-called autocratic States get you towards suppressing the central idea of Statism and corporatism? Not an inch. A dozen Hitlers, Stalins, Mussolinis might rise and fall, but the idea would remain in possession. Nay, it would spread out and quietly take possession of the conquerors under another name, just as it came within an ace of taking possession of us under the name of the New Deal; and as we believe it will still do, either under that name or some other name of distinctively American invention.

Again, all human experience testifies that you can't buy an idea either into existence or out of ex-

istence. We have tried that. The great American principle has always been that it is cheaper and easier to corrupt the people than to help them educate themselves. Hence to establish an economic or political idea, however false and vicious, we have subsidized what someone has wittily called "the hire learning", subsidized legislatures, political executives, the pulpit and forum, the press, the invention of slogans, commercial art; and we have raised press-agentry to the dignity of a profession. Against the power of "un-American" doctrines, likewise, we have opposed the power of raw money, expressed in nothing more substantial than mass-propaganda, high-powered advertising, utilities like the Liberty League, the publication of charts and graphs like the pie-shaped things which show "where the money goes to" — and all without an idea in a carload. Some of these publicity schemes are useful and provocative, no doubt, but they are no more of an obstacle against the flow of an idea than a two-pronged fork against Niagara.

You can't snub an idea out of existence. We have tried that also. Our educational institutions have long been high-hatting "un-American" ideas as too low and disrepu-

table to notice. Nor can you stop the progress of an idea by mere assertion. Mr. Eden got tremendous applause from the Manufacturers Association the other night for saying that the "democratic" nations believe the State exists for the people, not the people for the State. He was right enough; his thesis was sound, and we hasten to add that the occasion called for no more than an assertion of it. Anything more would have been out of place. But suppose one of those manufacturers who applauded him at such a rate were pushed up on a platform to defend that thesis against a communist spellbinder from Fourteenth Street, or against one of Mr. Hitler's fascists. That communist has the whole philosophy of Marxian Statism at his tongue's end; that fascist has at his tongue's end the whole Statist doctrine of Fichte, Hegel, and the other German idealist philosophers of the Eighteenth Century; and either one of them would cut rings around that manufacturer so fast that you couldn't see him go.

The "un-American" brethren have monopolized ideas so long and so completely that they have even foisted their political and economic glossary on their opponents. For instance, our publicists, in their innocence, talk about

"democracy" and the "democratic countries" as freely as any Russian communist who uses those terms in scorn and derision, and quite properly so. The communist knows that the "democratic countries" are actually not one whit more democratic than Russia; moreover, he knows why; whereas our publicists seem not to know either. Again, good old Rightist standbys like Alf Landon and Mark Sullivan talk as glibly about capital, capitalism, the capitalist system, as Norman Thomas or Earl Browder does. Ask Mr. Landon what capital is, and after he has looked it up in the Century Dictionary he will give you the dictionary's definition, which is a correct one. Ask him then if he ever heard of any economic system, even Norman Thomas's, even Mr. Browder's, which was not capitalist, and you will have him up a tree. Ask Mr. Browder the same questions, and you won't have him up a tree. He will give you a set of special definitions, backed up and expounded in something like four pounds of solid literature written by Karl Marx; and unless we greatly misjudge him, he will cheerfully agree that if you don't care to accept those definitions, but prefer the dictionary's, then it is quite true that there never was and

never can be an economic system which is not capitalist. The simple fact is that our un-American friends put that name over largely as a term of reproach, and our Rightist or Conservative brethren have been just dumb enough to accept it, understanding neither what they say nor whereof they affirm. We venture to believe that of the thousand or more of our representative industrialists who listened to Mr. Eden the other night, there were not three who could tell you off-hand what capital is, or what a capitalist system is, to avoid being hanged and damned.

Finally, you can't stop the promotion of an idea by abuse of its promoters. It may be all very well, if you feel that way, to say that communists don't wash, that they spend their time in Greenwich Village doggeries swilling Dago red, and that they pig together in squalor with casual guttersnipe wenches. This may be so, but in the purview of ideas, none of it butters a single parsnip; not one. They have the ideas and they can and do, day in and day out, put up a confoundedly plausible line of argument for them; and in the nature of things, therefore, those ideas will go on spreading unless and until the Rightist brethren

wake up to the fact that ideas are all that counts, and that it takes something a lot more substantial than mere blackguarding to check their spread.

II

Is it any wonder, then, that our well-intentioned preachers and enthusiastic young professors are sucked in? They are floundering around in the whirlpool of organized propaganda, confused and dissatisfied, and when they look out from that maelstrom for some semblance of a plausible idea to tie up to, the "un-American" ideas are the only ones they see, for those are the only ones that are in evidence at the present time. Old-line Liberty League stuff about rugged individualism, private initiative, the tradition of the Founding Fathers, and all that sort of thing, does not convince them or satisfy them, and why should it? Why should it satisfy anybody? It is mere assertion, superficial, never going into the reason of the thing; and the reason, the *idea*, of things is what they are looking for. They get none of it from the defenders of hundred-per-cent Americanism, so naturally their trade gravitates towards the only shops that are doing anything with that line of

goods. No wonder they are easy marks for anybody who tells them that the "capitalist system" has rotted down. A person may very well be excused for believing that any system is rotting down and ought to rot down, if it doesn't somehow manage to make a respectable intellectual presentation of its philosophy of existence.

It is not as if the capitalist system, properly so called, had no such presentation to make. It has, and a mighty formidable one. When the un-American brethren in former times put up their doctrines of collectivism, Statism, and corporatism against antagonists like Walter Bagehot, Lecky, Gumplowicz, Max Hirsch, Professor Huxley, Franz Oppenheimer, Herbert Spencer, they got every cent of change that was coming to them. And it is not for want of a sound capitalist philosophy that the shoals of embryo Stalins, Hitlers, and Roosevelts are to-day playing horse with the American Rightist. It is because that Rightist has no conception whatever of the power of ideas. He knows all about the weapons he uses—he understands mass-propaganda, slogans, press-agentry, and such-like—but when he is plumped down in a situation imperatively calling for ideas, his

weapons are as ineffectual as pea-shooters against Krupp's best assorted. Then he wonders why it is that such dreadful things are happening to him; why the State is robbing him right and left; why he is being deserted; why his son has turned communist and sailed for Moscow; why his college-bred daughter has come home with an insane crush on some insinuating and persuasive young Pinko professor, and periodically litters up the drawing-room with hordes of offensive riff-raff; why his junior partners think that perhaps there is a little something in what Roosevelt says, and maybe they had better play ball.

For our part, we only wonder that conversions to un-Americanism among the young, the ardent, and the impressionable have been so few as they are. As against Statism, corporatism, collectivism, State-capitalism in any form, the American Rightist is in a sound philosophical position. All reason, justice, and the natural truth of things is on his side as against the Hitlers, Stalins, Roosevelts, and their specious claims. Therefore you have to defend him; but as this magazine knows to its sorrow, by Jove, you also have to hold your nose or wear a gas-mask while you do it. If you suggest that his

situation calls for a kind of defensive weapon different from those he has always used, he will put you down as a visionary and a crackpot. You cannot even tell him the simple truth that the world today is an incarnation of the ideas of men who lived yesterday, and that the world tomorrow will incarnate the ideas of men living today; and on this account it is important that today's ideas should be as sound as possible. Nor will it do any good to offer him proof of fact. You may tell him to go through the files of the *Nation* and *New Republic* of the last two decades, and find there in idea-form everything he is now butting his head against in real form; but he will not believe the testimony of his own eyes. To your confirmed Rightist, those who are aware of the power of ideas, those who produce them, who talk or write about them, who recommend them, all belong in the province of a kind of black magic, and should be discounted 90 per cent.

The typical American Rightist's impatient repugnance to ideas causes him merely to revile and belittle every idea that appears on the Left, until the day when it is translated into fact, and he then laments it bitterly as conditioning his own existence and activities.

He does not trace the relation between the idea and the fact; he is never aware that the idea *is* invariably the true primary fact, and must be met as such. Hence he does all that ignorance, indifference, and negligence can possibly do to discourage the cultivation and dissemination of such ideas as are the only things in the world that in the long run can save his own skin. He is the first to disparage any young man, whether his son or another's, who displays an interest in ideas. He reads no newspaper, magazine, or book which allows an idea to creep into its pages; so that the United States is today the only nation of major importance which lacks entirely any respectable intellectual presentation of the Rightist philosophy.

It is therefore a fair guess that he will go on wondering why such dreadful things happen to him; and it is also a fair guess that, in the language of the street, he ain't seen nothin' yet. The answer to his wondering is that such things will and must continue to happen with ever-increasing frequency and force, until he gets it through his head that a single unsound idea, sprung from the brain of one untidy man of extremely nasty habits, can direct the movement of the world's fleets and armies, shift populations from one hemisphere to another, set up great nations and raze them to the ground; and that the only way effectively to cope with that unsound idea is to confront it with a sound one.



THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

BY JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

It is the common fate of the indolent to see their rights become a prey to the active. The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt.

WHY WAR IS SO POPULAR

BY HARVEY S. FORD

WHEN not engaged in whooping up a holy war to exterminate Hitler, protect the Spanish Reds, or extend the conquests of Mother Russia in China, our practicing pacifists are in a great pother to denounce war as the supreme affliction of the human race. War, we are told, is forced on the suffering masses—who want nothing so much as an everlasting peace—by the wily machinations of dictators, the brutalities of aggressor nations, the nefarious commitments of treacherous diplomats, and various other not-too-clearly-specified “underlying causes”. But is there any truth in this? Should the idea that “everybody is against war” be the undisputed axiom it has become? Let us look at the historical facts.

It is almost regrettable that the learned Dr. Ludlow’s recently-discussed scheme for a popular referendum on war was not adopted, if only for the sake of the resulting wholesome disillusionment of the idealists. For it is demonstrable that at no time in history has war

ever been really unpopular. To go way back, it may be recalled that when the Emperor Gallus bought off the Goths in preference to continuing a disastrous war with them, he was promptly murdered by the indignant, war-loving Romans. During the Middle Ages merciless warfare was indulged in so much, and with such popular ardor, that the whole existence of what little civilization remained was threatened. And, to come down to more recent times, what about Napoléon Bonaparte? If there were really anything in the pacifist belief in a popular aversion to war, Napoléon would certainly have been butchered by his own subjects long before Waterloo; he ravaged Europe, he caused the death and mutilation of thousands upon thousands of its citizens, and he kept the world in an uproar for half a generation. In contrast, his opponents were content to conduct war decently in the old manner—*i.e.*, by using mercenary professional armies, and respecting their citizens and private property as much as possible, in-

stead of conscripting the entire nation and plunging it into death and misery as did Napoléon. What was the result? The Allies were constantly beset by insurrections and uprisings from their own minions, while Bonaparte's subjects, far from revolting, fought and died for him to the bitter end, long after even the faintest chance of winning had passed. More, they lavished such devotion upon his name that the mere return of his remains to France was sufficient to unseat a cabinet and, thirty years after his death, win his nephew a crown.

Now it will not be argued that Napoléon was a greater respecter of liberty than his fellow monarchs; in fact it is difficult to imagine a more tyrannical despot. The only answer to the Little Corporal's popularity was, of course, that he let everyone go to war who wanted to. No longer was fighting the privilege of the select few; no longer were there any embarrassing questions as to birth or capability; no longer were the amateurs compelled to stay at home and pay taxes—now anyone could be a soldier. And, once the great masses of Europeans had had a taste of the intoxicating business, their rulers found it impossible to wage a war without letting everyone in on it.

It may be claimed that here the

cart is put before the horse, that these conscript armies have been composed of people unwillingly dragooned into service. In answer, history since Waterloo may be pointed to as a period of a continuous and unabating popular desire for war, the like of which has never before been witnessed. Take the French, who suffered most from Napoléon's adventures. Hardly was he locked up for the second time when they began to itch for his return. The *ersatz* Moroccan wars of the Bourbon and Orleans kings never fooled the French, as similar colonial wars kept the English fairly quiet; schooled by Napoléon, they knew the real thing—500,000 men locked in bloody battle, with 100,000 casualties by evening. No damned skirmish with a bunch of Arabs would do as substitute for such glories. Joyously the French, still licking the wounds of the Grand Armée, followed their second Napoléon to every battlefield from Mexico to China.

Previous to the Franco-German War, it should be noted, the Prussians had made all the submissions that could reasonably be asked; and the legitimate causes for war having been removed, even Napoléon III hesitated. Once his subjects had seen the possibility of

war, however, they refused to consider peace for a moment, and he was forced to go on. It is also possible that Louis was not so reluctant after all, for his government had become unpopular; and the quest of a war by an unpopular government in order to keep itself in power is one of the oldest tricks in history—a neat commentary, in itself, upon the general popularity of war. Having been defeated, Napoléon III was ungratefully abandoned by his people, who, however, continued the war. For while there have been many revolutions because of lost wars, there is yet to be one caused by too much war. Indeed, since revolution means war, only a people yearning for battle would revolt.

After 1871 there was Boulanger and the long series of now-familiar crises leading up to 1914, for it was—and is—a poor year when a mob did not march through Paris and clamor to be led to Berlin. About the origins of the World War a great deal has been written. The “war guilt” has been variously laid at the door of Count Berchtold, the Kaiser, Sazonov, Lord Grey, and a dozen lesser dignitaries. The masses, of course, have been assigned the role of victims. Yet was there anything in the crisis of July 1914 that made it more

difficult of solution than the preceding crises? When it is remembered that, with the exception of Russia, none of the great powers had been involved in a really first-class war for more than a generation, the answer is more obvious. Was it not, as a matter of fact, that the people of Europe refused any longer to put off the fun?

II

To go from the French to the other extreme, examine the English. Because of Nelson the English were deprived of personal experience with Napoléon, and hence remained in a deplorably unprogressive state, content with innumerable little colonial wars. But not always, however, for the Crimean War should not be forgotten. In this case even the historians are obliged to admit that none of the nations, and especially England, had any real interest—economic, political, or otherwise—involved; and moreover the statesmen wished to preserve the peace. Yet war came, and Aberdeen—like Walpole who, before him, had also opposed a war—was ousted. Indeed, one remarkable feature of modern wars is the lack of a decent excuse for their commencement—we have recently descended, à la

Woodrow Wilson, to the level of the Middle Ages, and now go on crusades. It is extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to discover a logical cause for such modern wars as the Crimean and Franco-German, especially if one recalls the more sensible origins of the Eighteenth Century conflicts. Throughout the Nineteenth Century and the present one, popular desire for war has always been a major factor in its origin, and frequently, as in the above cases, seemingly the only factor.

But to return to the English: after 1856 they went back to colonial warfare in steadily increasing scale, reaching a climax in the Boer War, a conflict of almost major proportions. With the World War came the real orgy. For the first time in history England enlisted a draft army. For the first time, too, the English abandoned their traditional policy of only lending a helping hand to Continental allies, and landed an army of millions right in the middle of the most active front. They could do no more.

It must not be supposed that in confining discussion to the extremes of France and England that the rest of the nations have been models of peaceful rectitude. None has escaped the war fever.

For example, we peace-loving Americans had fought, according to the War Department, an even hundred wars by 1917, though most of them were with the Indians. The disasters of the War of 1812 may be directly attributed to the popular insistence for war, which overrode even the elementary fact that we had no army. After the war with Mexico we had exhausted for the moment the possibilities of our neighbors, so we turned to develop a domestic problem — which other nations had been able to solve by simple compensative legislation — into the hardest-fought civil war of all time. Then in 1898 we intervened in a Spanish domestic quarrel, and in 1917 we established an all-time record by traveling 3000 miles to horn into a major war. We have been recently treated to an amusing specimen of American belligerency. Men were heard urging war over Czechoslovakia who a year ago were uncertain as to the spelling of that country's name, and who today would be hard put to it to define the boundaries in dispute, much less give an intelligent account of how they came about.

Only one comment is needed to close this sketchy survey, and to bring home the point to the argument: pick up your daily newspa-

per and read, under almost any dateline, of the universal popular discontent with the fact that four statesmen recently succeeded in temporarily making peace and avoiding a world war at Munich.

III

Having considered at some length, if also somewhat unsystematically, the general history of war, the people's pastime, it is pertinent to come to the case of the common soldier, about whom all the idealistic weeping is done. With regard to the World War, a competent critic has written:

Of all the millions who marched to war in August 1914, only a small proportion marched unwillingly away. The thrill of excitement ran through the world, and the hearts of even the simplest masses lifted to the trumpet-call. A prodigious event had happened. The monotony of toil and of the daily round was suddenly broken. Everything was strange and new. War aroused the primordial instincts of races born of strife. Adventure beckoned her children. A larger, nobler life seemed to be about to open upon the world.¹

Not only the average man, but also the radical pacifist greeted the war with enthusiasm. A courtesy tear for the departed Jaurès, and then a joyous reversion to bombastic

jingismo, repressed these many years—a reversal which, despite volumes of post-war alibis, they have never been able to explain convincingly to an amused and cynical world. Nor, if we are to accept the word of the pacifist Emil Ludwig, did they find life in the army unbearable:

In Prussia, even though we disliked drill, military service was so attractive that, long after it was done with, the reddest of Socialists would, over his beer, love to recall the vanished joys of youth in the army.²

The AEF was organized to the accompaniment of a great flood of patriotic oratory, dealing largely with Belgian atrocities, the *Lusitania*, and the Huns. The boys were reminded that they were crusaders sworn to save democracy, and urged to hang the Kaiser. All this, of course, had its effect. Many of them for the first time *felt important*. The pleasure which being a hero and a patriot—and thus *somebody*—gives to the average man, condemned ordinarily to a life of obscurity, should not be underestimated, and goes a long way towards compensating for whatever hardship war entails.

This patriotic stage usually passed even before the troops arrived in France. But this disillu-

¹ *The Unknown War*, by Winston Churchill. Scribners.

² *Talks with Mussolini*, by Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown.

sionment is not serious. The dough-boy's world did not crash about his ears; he was not overcome with a horrible loathing for all things military; such ideals as he had were not wiped out. Nothing of the kind, in fact. Almost before our hero has learned that all officers are not colonels, the hymns have been replaced by bawdy ballads, the bawdier the better. His admiration, hitherto reserved for the officer who was loudest in his patriotic sentiments, is now lavished on the one who possesses the most ingenious vocabulary of profanity. Indeed, profanity has become the soldier's language. He has learned to drink raw liquor straight, to chew tobacco, and his information upon the subject of women has been increased by several items unknown behind the barns back home. His first time under fire completes his transformation from an awkward civilian into a pretty fair soldier, for while acquiring the above education he has also had the military essentials pounded into him.

Our hero, like the majority of his fellows, having passed the ordeal by fire unhurt, except for a fearful scaring, is now a veteran, and thus entitled to damn the food, criticize his superiors, and make life miserable for the replacements.

He now ceases his efforts to obtain a transfer to some non-combatant branch, such as the Quartermaster Corps, and contents himself with life as an infantryman. In truth he has little to fear, for there never was a battle fought in which the survivors did not far outnumber the killed. Two, or at the most three, full-dress battles a year are about all even the best armies can stand, and since the number behind the front is always considerably greater than those actually under fire, the average soldier runs a good chance of not even being engaged. If he is philosophically inclined, he may reflect that if he were a civilian he would stand an equally good chance of being eliminated in an accident. His thoughts do not, as the sentimentalists would have us believe, turn always to the folks at home, if only because such thoughts would be a waste of time. As one unsung hero of the AEF wrote to his wife, "Letty, stop sending me them nagging letters. I am 3000 miles from home and want to enjoy this war in peace".¹

The performance of military duty is neither exhausting nor onerous. This is, of course, excepting those in high command, for

¹ *The American Army in France*, by Gen. J. G. Harbord. Little, Brown.

whom war is no picnic. But for our typical soldier, barely normal intelligence is required, and life is comparatively easy. His duties are mechanical and easily learned, and once learned may be performed without thinking. Moreover, except when actually under fire, these duties do not occupy the soldier's time to the exclusion of all else. Naturally he has no worries in the way of food, clothing, or shelter. Mature men, put to these simple tasks, with some leisure and no responsibilities, tend to develop an irresponsible attitude of mind, not unlike that of an adolescent — which accounts, among other things, for the prevalence of practical jokes and ribald humor in the army.

The legend about the strictness of military discipline, particularly where military duty is not involved, is largely nonsense, and the officer as a fiendish tyrant exists only in the imaginations of the pacifists. Especially are the reins of discipline slackened behind active fronts, where it is assumed that considerable relaxation must be provided to compensate for the comparatively hard life at the front. For example, let us suppose that our hero, having spent a pleasant evening in the saloons, becomes involved in a brawl in the red-light

district, and is arrested. At home this would normally net him a fine and a term in jail, to say nothing of subsequent social ostracism. At worst in the army he will get a few days in the guardhouse and, far from being ostracized by his fellows, he will be regarded as somewhat of a hero. Finally — such are the vagaries of human thinking — when he returns home he may relate his adventure without fear of censure or reproach. In fact, it was expected of him, for the civilian public has long since learned to tolerate and even find amusement in the antics of the man in uniform, for he is not like other men.

In his memoirs, General Pershing refers to the late war as "the great adventure", which it was, not only for him but for the whole AEF. But probably few of them ever thought of the war in that way. Rather, as General Harbord puts it:

Men find a certain freedom in war, freedom from the entanglements of everyday routine, the oppression of regular hours of office, factory and shop, the struggle for daily bread — the mean and irksome routine of life.

In the United States the government, the newspapers, and the propagandists generally had been at great pains to describe the hardships and sufferings of the boys in the trenches — this, it was found,

greatly aided the bond sales. Thus, when the AEF returned, they were met at the dock by a public firmly convinced that they had been martyred to save the country. Since most of them did not have the courage to deny this, and few were so shameless as to elaborate on their "sufferings", they compromised by keeping silent—which was promptly interpreted as conclusive evidence of the hard times they had endured. The war had been so horrible that the veterans couldn't bear to talk about it. So the returning heroes did nothing to dispel the illusion, and settled back to enjoy the sympathy and the limelight for all it was worth. It was very pleasant.

The veterans had good reason to be content. In the beginning they had had little to risk or lose in the way of property, position, or reputation. Then the first days and, in Mr. Churchill's words, the opening of "a larger, nobler life"—an agreeable caress to the vanity. This passed; so did the pleasant novelty of the uniform, the curiosity in strange lands and people, all without regret, and were replaced by absorption into the ultra-masculine atmosphere of the army. Then the return home, the attention and the

sympathy. For the ambitious the basis had been laid for future political or business careers. For the rest, as the present generation well knows, political preferment, bonuses, pensions.

Thus it was in the World War and the wars that went before it, and thus it will be again, if on some future day we set out on another crusade to save the world from fascism. General Harbord indicates that the popularity of war lies in the fact that it offers to the masses an escape from humdrum reality. Perhaps the General overcomplicates the case. I suspect that the reason is even simpler—that it is, in fact, attractive for the same reasons which contribute to the permanent popularity of lodge meetings and conventions. For a war is a sort of super Elks convention in which all the bars are let down, and all the police permanently bought off—an institution which permits a man to be a hero and a public servant, and at the same time to enjoy himself. Therefore I find it very difficult to believe that any amount of propaganda, no matter how persuasively presented, will ever undermine the eternal popularity of war among the masses of the people.

THE CALENDAR IS OUT OF DATE

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

WHEN Great Britain adopted the Gregorian Calendar, in 1752, making that year shorter by eleven days, irate Cockneys threatened a revolution to compel Parliament to "give us back our fortnight". To be sure, sophisticated moderns can easily perceive that no government can curtail a citizen's life by a stroke of the pen without following it with a drop of the axe. Yet the same affection for time-hallowed antiquities prevails in contemporary society. The absurd hodge-podge of months and days, invented by the Romans two thousand years ago, still regulates our economic and spiritual activities; and perennial headaches of varying intensity are stoically endured by all sections of the population.

If the housewife wishes to balance her budget, or resolve a personal question of progeny, she must pause to recite a stupid little rhyme about "Thirty days hath September". Grave legislators cannot fix terms of court, or the time for the discharge of civil obliga-

tions, except through such pitiful circumlocutions as the "first Monday after the first Sunday" of a certain month, and "if said day be a legal holiday, then the next succeeding day not a holiday". An employee who earns \$150 for twenty-four days of service in February may be succeeded by another man who receives identical pay for toiling twenty-seven days in March. As a public librarian points out, October 1935 had "25 per cent more work days than the shortest month of that year. . . . Expenses were increased but the library budget remained the same". The publisher of a weekly periodical promises to bring out fifty-two issues per annum. But the accumulation of odd days compels him to print a fifty-third number every five or six years, an expensive gift of which his subscribers are not even aware.

Without employing an expert to prorate and average his books, the shopkeeper who pays weekly wages is never sure whether he is in the black by an act of God or in

the red by the vagaries of a man-made calendar—a month with five pay-days will change his profits to liabilities. An even greater annoyance is that Easter may occur at any time between March 22 and April 25. To be sure, nobody clearly understands the sacerdotal thimble-rigging whereby the Lord's Birthday is allowed to recur on a definite date, while the anniversary of his Resurrection varies with the moon. Nevertheless, retail merchants, as well as wholesalers and manufacturers, must annually fit their activities to lunar caprice and theological fiction, never knowing, when Easter comes frigidly early or torridly late, to what degree shopping customs will yield to common sense. Similar speculations are necessarily made by transportation companies, to accommodate holiday travel; and the net result is an unpredictable displacement of trade. To prevent the annual scrambling of curricular schedules, many educational institutions have declared regular Spring vacations, regardless of the moon. Consequently, one set of students going home for the Pascal holiday may meet other members of their family returning.

The building expenditure of the Republic is about \$10,000,000,000

a year. Yet the contractor who files a bid without gambling upon such variables as unequal quarter years, uneven months, and wandering holidays may find himself finishing the job at his own expense. According to Clyde A. Mann, managing director of the Certified Building Registry of the United States,

payments are frequently retarded, interest charges are piled up, and the loss caused by this aggregate of oft-repeated delays amounts to many millions annually.

As Ogden Mills said, the only hope

of maintaining balanced conditions in industry and trade, in contrast with the haphazard adjustments upon which we have relied in the past, lies in gathering accurate information.

Yet statistical prevarication is inevitable under the prevailing calendar. For example, all Departments of the Federal Government are required to render quarterly accountings to the Director of the Budget. Gregorian trimesters contain respectively ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, and ninety-two days, except during leap years; and the second semester is two and three days longer than the first. Consequently, according to Herbert H. Rapp, formerly Assistant Chief of the United States Bureau of Efficiency, errors "in existing

government statistics may be found in every Department”.

It is not surprising that, in response to a questionnaire circulated by the United Press in 1934, so-called “big business” voted 37 to 3 in favor of calendar revision. The same dissatisfaction with the prevailing system has been voiced by the American Labor Conference, the International Labor Office, the National Education Association, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

II

Like many other inherited human institutions, the chart whereby we stumble through our three-score-and-ten is the result of cosmological accident, aggravated by mundane stupidity. It is doubtful whether this sad planet was ever intended for a calculating animal who must meet deadlines, serve ultimatums, and worship his Maker, all with due regard to the position of the sun in the heavens. And our arboreal ancestors, who could hardly count their fingers and toes, naturally failed to unravel the Creator’s primordial joke whereby a solar year was made to contain 12 synodic months, 12 hours, 44 minutes, and 2.7 seconds; or 52 weeks and about $1\frac{1}{4}$ days; or 365

days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 45.51 seconds.

Consequently, the earliest astronomical observations of the race were probably limited to judging the seasons by the changes in the foliage. As P. W. Wilson says, the inhabitants of Tonga still have a month for “Little Yams”, another for “Yams with Small Protuberances”, and so on, according to the condition of their national vegetable. The first great mistake of mankind was the natural one of trying to compute a solar year by the phases of the moon. What makes lunar calendars unavoidably lunatic is the fact that a twelve-moon period is about $11\frac{1}{4}$ days short of a solar year; and the accumulating lag eventually causes the Winters to arrive in Summer. The orthodox Jews, who still use a lunar calendar, synchronize their seasons by intercalating an extra month of thirty days every two or three years. But the equally moonstruck Mohammedans do not trouble with such adjustments, and every Mussulman who gives his age as 32 is really 31 according to Christian standards.

With more respect for cutlasses than calculations, the early Romans struggled along on a ten month year of 304 days until the Seventh Century B.C., when Numa

Pompilius added January and February. But the length of the year remained so uncertain that the high priests habitually shortened it when their political opponents were in office, and lengthened it to please their favorites.

In the meantime, by studying the shadows of their Pyramids, the Egyptians had agreed upon a solar year of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, which they divided into twelve months of thirty days, with five extra days for non-calendrical jollification, and a leap year in every four.

This system was adapted to the Roman world when Julius Caesar decreed that the year 46 B.C., which he called "the last year of confusion", be prolonged to 445 days, in order to catch up with the sun. But because of the current superstitions in favor of odd numbers, the five feast days were distributed alternately among the Roman months. A day was clipped from *Februarius* and given to *Quintilis*, which was renamed *Julius* in honor of the calendar-maker. On the theory that one emperor is as good as another, a second caesarian amputation was later performed on *Februarius* by Caesar Augustus, who thereby uninjured his own birth-month of August, previously called *Sextilis*. October and December were probably given odd

days to insure the better luck of the Emperor's friends.

The subsequent reforms were comparatively minor: in 325 A.D. the Council of Nicaea abolished the Roman Calends, Ides, and Nones, and substituted a paganized version of the Babylonian-Hebrew-Christian seven-day week, which began to travel in utter independence of the months and the years. It was further ordered that Easter must be celebrated on a day to be fixed partly according to the first full moon after the vernal equinox, and partly to prevent the holiday from coinciding with the Jewish Passover. In 1582, Pope Gregory corrected Caesar's astronomy by ordaining that three leap years be dropped every four centuries, but he was not troubled by the fact that January 1 occurs nine days after the Winter solstice, or that the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth months are still labeled respectively the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth.

The ultimate result is a chaotic jumble of time units that is utterly incompatible with this age of speed and precision. The confusion is rendered even worse by the fact that some nations have adopted the Gregorian Calendar for international purposes, without enforcing it in all their internal

affairs. At present, there is a special New Year for Armenians, another for Moslems, and still others for Coptics, Hindus, and Hebrews. Thus a plane leaving London on January 5, A.D. 1938, reached Belgrade the same day, but on a date unofficially designated as December 23, 1937. A short-wave radio program broadcast from New York on February 9, 1938, was instantaneously heard at Kabul, Afghanistan, on Zulkhijjah 8, A. H. 1356. Such absurdities are mostly due to the refusal of certain religious creeds to accept a sectarian chart that is not much better than their own. If the same system of computation is ever to prevail in all parts of the world, the only hope is a purely secular plan that ignores all ecclesiastical traditions, and commends itself entirely for its practical adjustment to our life.

III

That the need for such a calendar is being gradually recognized appears from the fact that when the question was first considered by a committee of the League of Nations, in 1923, representatives of the various countries came forth with 185 different proposals, each claiming some superiority over the prevailing system.

This babel of voices has since piped down to two plans of practical merit. One of them is the Positivist Calendar, conceived by Auguste Comte, and resurrected by the late George Eastman, the Kodak manufacturer. It would divide the year into thirteen months of four weeks each, with an unnumbered extra day between December and January, and a Leap Day, every four years, at the end of June. The new month, to be called "Sol", would be inserted between June and July.

The main virtue of such a revision would be a synchronization of the month with the weeks. But a thirteen-month year would be a total stranger to its Gregorian predecessors, to the added confusion of historians and statisticians. Moreover, while the baker's dozen has its merits in the purchase of doughnuts, the accountant knows it as a prime number, a sort of tough cheese, digestible by nothing but itself. There may be no rational argument in the fact that there were Twelve Apostles, or that the Tree of Life had a like number of fruits. But the superstitious would never see the blessings of a calendar with an unlucky Friday falling regularly on the thirteenth of each month, thirteen times a year.

For these reasons, the bulk of international support has lately gone to the so-called World Calendar¹, a twelve-month scheme that would remove most of the faults of the prevailing system, without drastically upsetting established customs. According to this plan, the year would consist of equal quarters, each having a month of thirty-one days, followed by two months of thirty days. Every semester would have twenty-six even weeks; and each quarter would begin on Sunday and end

on Saturday. The 365th day of the year would be observed as a supernumerary Saturday, known as Year End Day; and there would be a quadrennial "Leap Day", also unnumbered, between June and July. By introducing the reform at the close of 1939, or 1944, the year would invariably begin on Sunday; and the calendar would be perpetual, so that any given month-date would fall on the same day of the week each year. Thus the bookkeeper could compare one quarter with another,

¹ THE WORLD CALENDAR

First Quarter							Second Quarter							Third Quarter							Fourth Quarter						
JANUARY							APRIL							JULY							OCTOBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	..	..	..	..	29	30	31	..	..	..	..	29	30	31	..	..	..	..	29	30	31	..	..	..	..
FEBRUARY							MAY							AUGUST							NOVEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	..	..	1	2	3	4	..	..	..	1	2	3	4	..	..	..	1	2	3	4	..	..	..	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	..	..	26	27	28	29	30	..	..	26	27	28	29	30	..	..	26	27	28	29	30	..	..
MARCH							JUNE							SEPTEMBER							DECEMBER						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
..	..	..	..	..	1	2	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

YEAR-END DAY, an extra Saturday follows December 30th every year.

LEAP-YEAR DAY, another extra Saturday follows June 30th in leap years.

without adjustment; and, though the months would vary as to the number of Sundays, they would all contain twenty-six week-days.

An incidental advantage is that Christmas and New Year would always be week-end holidays, a welcome phenomenon that now occurs at rare intervals. Although a like transposition of other mid-week feasts is no necessary part of any calendar change, the idea has been proposed in several American legislatures, as well as the United States Senate. In the case of two important holidays, the adjustment would be historically justified by the fact that the Declaration of Independence was actually adopted on July 2; and that George Washington, who was born under the Julian Calendar, habitually celebrated his birthday on February 11. There is no reason why the days of rest should break upon us at random like badly set alarm clocks, except the old clerical notion that holidays are duties imposed from above, rather than man-made contrivances to increase the joy of living.

It is not unlikely that, a few moons hence, dowagers born on the thirty-first of March, May, August, and December may skip their birthdays with legal approval. The World Calendar has been al-

ready endorsed by the representatives of fourteen nations; and favorable action by the American Government may be inferred from the friendly attitude of our Central Statistical Board, which is composed of four cabinet members. To be sure, France and England have postponed action, pending ecclesiastical agreement on the position of Easter. But although theological processes are slow, there seems to be no religious obstacle to either question. The Archbishop of Canterbury finds it "impossible to resist the pleas of reform" which come "with practical unanimity from the representatives of all the great organizations of trade, industry, and commerce throughout the civilized world". Similar opinions have been expressed by most of the Protestant denominations, as well as the Eastern Orthodox Church. According to the pronouncement of the Holy See, "no question of dogma" is raised by proposed calendar reform, or a stationary Easter, but "if it were shown that the general welfare requires some change" the matter must be decided by an Ecumenical Council.

Indeed, the only articulate objection to the proposed reform comes from the Seventh Day Adventists and other Sabbatarians.

According to their faith, the insertion of a Year End Day and a Leap Day would disturb the sequence of the weeks, which comes down to us inviolate from that primordial time when Jehovah worked six days and rested on the seventh. It might be embarrassing, of course, for any mortal to face the Eternal Father on Judgment Day, with a time-book that does not jibe with the celestial record. But in view of the many changes already undergone by the Gregorian Calendar, we are all taking our chances that current Saturdays may turn out to be biblical Tuesdays. Moreover, the doctrine of religious liberty does not mean that the whole world must accept the notions of Sabbatarian minorities, whose practice is even now at variance with the majority.

It has been argued that since absolute calendrical perfection is impossible, we might as well continue to endure an inadequate device that has been serving us well

enough. But this is the classical demurrer of Granny's ice-box against the new-fangled electric refrigerator. The same logic would impel us to ignore all astronomical instruments because the earth's circumference can be measured with a yardstick. Before the adoption of Standard Time, in 1884, New Yorkers took simultaneous notice of five or six different hours of the day, according to the section of the city. But there is no doubt that the present division of the globe into time zones was a positive improvement. A perpetual calendar would serve a like purpose for months and days.

Moreover, until we do adopt it, this age will continue to be ridiculously personified by the super-scientist who splits atoms to smithereens and measures stellar distances to the millimeter, but gets entangled in his own tapelines whenever he attempts to keep a dinner date or remember his wife's birthday.



OUR NATION OF WISHFUL THINKERS

BY LAWRENCE DENNIS

OF Americans it may be said that happy is a people whose past has made them naïve and whose present allows them to remain naïve. A people like the French, whose territory has been devastated by invading armies and revolutionary mobs several times within one century, and twice by invaders within the memories of now-living persons, naturally find it difficult to take seriously many popular American illusions about international law and morality. Yet for a full decade following the late War, both Britain and France more or less shared our complacency: the three strongest democracies felt internationally secure as victors of the world's greatest war, and at home, safe in the arms of Croesus. But now the Depression, Munich, and the rising might of the three Have-Not nations — Germany, Japan, and Italy — and of the Have-Not classes within the great democracies, raise the question whether even Americans can any longer afford the luxury of wishful thinking. Shattering

popular illusions has ceased to be an intellectual sport for sophisticates; it has become as essential a part of national defense as the scrapping of obsolete armaments.

Faith in America is a good national quality; but faith in inoperative principles, and confidence in false assumptions about the weakness of the strong and the strength of the declining are dangerous delusions for us or any other democracy to cherish. In the frontier days, excessive self-confidence was an asset rather than a liability for white men subduing backward peoples. Those who marvel at Hitler's nerve should recall the exploits of the early conquerors of this continent. Pizarro, assisted by only three shiploads of nondescript Spanish adventurers, conquered Peru — a highly organized and disciplined nation of 20,000,000 inhabitants — made a prisoner of the Inca ruler, and looted him of millions in gold. Only an almost pathological degree of conceit could ever have enabled a handful of Englishmen throughout the

world to rule for generations over tens of millions of the lesser breeds without the law. Self-confidence was in order for white conquerors fighting with guns against peoples equipped only with bows and arrows or broadswords. But the Germans, Japanese, and Italians of today are not challenging the Haves with bows and arrows.

If there were such international laws or principles as those we in the democracies have been taught to believe, the present regimes of Russia, Germany, and Italy would have long since collapsed. If such laws were universally valid, the great despotisms of the past, some of which lasted for centuries, could never have existed. Think how unsound the economics and politics of the Pharaohs were without a gold standard currency, freedom of contract, separation of powers in government, and constitutional guarantees for minorities! If some of our most fundamental assumptions were true, Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler would not only be non-existent but we should have no farm and unemployment problems, nor, of course, any need for pump-priming deficits. It would be very nice if there were such laws and no such problems: but it is wishful thinking to make the assumption.

The popular belief that our present way of life is traditional, and that a totalitarian dictatorship is a revolutionary innovation, is another instance of wishful thinking about fundamentals. Actually, democracy and capitalism are radical, revolutionary, and of comparatively recent origin. Most Americans who talk about getting back to normal—meaning pre-War conditions—forget that Hitler and Stalin are getting back to norms of government which ruled for centuries before the rise of modern democracy during the past hundred and fifty years.

The kindred notion, that the Nineteenth Century was normal, is comforting but absurdly untrue. It was the most abnormal century in history; the most conclusive proof being found in two related facts—rapid population growth and the Industrial Revolution. Both are now at an end for a long, long time. Our population increased from 4,000,000 at the end of the American Revolution to 130,000,000 today, or thirty-fold within one hundred and fifty years. In all the several thousand years of recorded history no single century has ever seen such an increase. Indeed, it is probable that from the time of Christ to the American Revolution the white population

of the world did not increase 50 per cent. Accordingly, what most people call Americanism has been a way of life for a people whose number doubled regularly every thirty-odd years, and whose number will begin to decline within thirty years more.

The other fact proving the abnormality of the Nineteenth Century rise of modern democracy and capitalism was the Industrial Revolution which, also, is now definitely over. Technological advance, of course, is not at an end. But that is not the equivalent of the Industrial Revolution. We can now spend far more per capita on capital and consumer goods than during the Nineteenth Century and still have 10,000,000 unemployed and half our farm population on a government subsidy. During the Nineteenth Century full employment was normal. Today large-scale unemployment is normal and inevitable under our present system. Those who disagree with this statement will make me very happy if they prove its incorrectness by ending unemployment while preserving the system of free enterprise and balancing the budget. That is the only way in which the statement can be refuted.

The Nineteenth Century situation is gone forever, so far as any-

one living today is concerned. Therefore, to hope for a type of recovery which most Americans consider normal and which in our experience is traditional is the purest sort of wishful thinking. It is comparable to an old man's hope for a recovery from hardening of the arteries by a return of his youth. The essential facts of such situations are mechanical rather than matters of choice. Wishful thinking doesn't help a bit.

II

Formerly, rapid population growth and industrial expansion made wars and depressions self-liquidating without serious government intervention. And since the World War we have labored under the delusion that it could be liquidated like past wars. This assumption is now threadbare. The wars of the democracies in the Nineteenth Century were followed by a grand pay-off for the people in the form of new lands for settlement or exploitation and higher living standards. During the last war the democracies, notably those of Britain and America, were able to raise real wages and living standards by cutting down capital's share of the national income and by increasing production through government

spending and inflation. But this method has resulted in a permanent curtailment of the incentives to private enterprise and investment, with the result that today government has to make increasing contributions to national income and investment, financing such contributions by creations of fiat money or bank credit. Before the World War, wages and salaries took less than 60 per cent of the national income. Today they take more than 70 per cent, wherefore capital is loath to invest or make new ventures. If the democracies went to war today, the first thing they would have to do would be to conscript capital and thereby inaugurate a regime of national socialism which could never be turned back again into free capitalism. The fascists, if victorious in war, might pay off their peoples at the expense of the democracies, but the democracies could never pay off their peoples with the resources or territories of the fascists.

The point just made should leave it perfectly clear that while righteousness may constitute an excellent slogan for a war, it does not constitute the necessary pay-off when the war is over. Wars which do not enrich the victors with new territories must be paid for through a redistribution of wealth at the ex-

pense of the wealthy, or culminate in revolution, or both. The moralistic quality of American thinking on this subject is almost pure wishful thinking.

The actual choices, so far as war and peace are concerned, are the immediate alternatives of being bombed in your home or going about your usual occupations a week from next Tuesday, and alternative long-run results which we cannot clearly foretell. The choices of wishful thinking, so far as war and peace are concerned are abstractions such as right or wrong, honor or dishonor, freedom or slavery, and so on. The notion that right always wins or always pays, so far as international relations or class conflicts are concerned, is sheer wishful thinking, or a way of saying that our side *should* win. In a community ruled by one set of laws, crime will not pay and the criminal will not win. But in an international society ruled by no set of laws — Mr. Hull to the contrary notwithstanding — and by no police authority, there is no such thing as crime in the sense that the term was used in the preceding sentence. In international and class relations there are simply things that can be got away with and things that cannot be got away with. Whatever a nation or

a class gets away with is not a crime, since it is legalized by a treaty or a law. It is a crime for a citizen to steal from another citizen in violation of the law: it is no crime for a group of citizens to get a law passed appropriating a part of the property of another group of citizens. In 1936 Britain branded Italy's conquest of Ethiopia a crime: now Britain recognizes the conquest as legal. Why? Because Italy got away with it.

Not only is the *Gott-mit-uns* assumption wishful thinking, but the gold-with-us notion is equally so. Since Munich, Mr. Chamberlain has expressed a pathetic confidence in the economic advantage of the British over the Germans in the event of a war between the two peoples. We in this country are peculiarly susceptible to this form of wishful thinking. Most Americans still believe that Germany was beaten in the last war by economics. What an insult to the 4,000,000 men we put under arms, the 2,000,000 who went to France, and the 1,000,000 we put on the Western Front! The fact of the matter is that the Germans gave in only when they were outnumbered on the Western Front by more than two to one. The very mischief of this nonsense about the importance of economic factors in war is

that it leads to a disregard of the fact that wars are won only by the victory of fighting men and fighting agencies. The wishful-thinking civilian likes to believe that his economic resources can fight for him and protect him while he sits in security at home. This sort of thinking is the chief reason why Great Britain has refused thus far to adopt conscription. And it was largely because Great Britain was not prepared to send a large expeditionary force to France on the outbreak of war that Hitler won at Berchtesgaden and Munich. Hitler did not bow to Britain's gold—but Britain's gold bowed to Hitler's armed might.

Again this is a story of changes since the good old days of the Nineteenth Century. Then wars were fought largely by professional armies and, even in Napoleon's day, by comparatively small armies, while the civilian population enjoyed a good deal of security. Under those conditions gold and private bankers were much more important, since, ordinarily, the nation with the largest supply of gold and bankers' loans could buy the winning army. If those conditions prevailed today, Germany, Italy, and Japan would not have a chance against Britain and France. But today, alas for Britain,

France, and the rich Haves, wars are fought by entire nations which have to be totally mobilized. Hence propaganda and demagoguery are indispensable instruments of public policy. And so, today, national organization and popular morale are military factors of greater importance than gold or bankers. Raw materials and industrial organization, of course, are important. Britain had more gold and raw materials than Germany last September, but not as good an industrial plant for turning out war planes and munitions. No amount of gold or potential resources will today permit a great power to fight a major war without a totalitarian-State scheme of organization.

A modern war is too big to be paid for in gold or with funds normally obtainable from already-accumulated private savings. This is why the prediction made before 1914 that the next war could last only a few months—the bankers could not finance it any longer—proved erroneous like many another, similarly founded on fallacious assumptions. It was assumed that in a large war governments would be limited to the resources of private banks and savings, that governments would maintain the gold standard and that governments would not use the printing

press. Just another example of wishful thinking. Though the dictatorships today are short of gold and raw materials, they are long on the type of organization needed for modern war. Just how valuable this handicap over the democracies will prove in war remains to be demonstrated. Its value in the course of pre-war diplomatic conflict has already been fully demonstrated in the astounding victories of Hitler and Mussolini.

Many wishful thinkers in the democracies are inclined to prophesy that, in the event of war, the morale of the dictatorships would be inferior to that of the democracies. On this point we have, as yet, no adequate experience to guide us, since the new dictatorships have not as yet faced a grade-A modern army. The predicted collapse of the Japanese army in China, however, has not as yet materialized, any more than the predicted collapse of the Italian force in Ethiopia three years ago. But it is only fair to say that the morale of the dictatorships has, as yet, not been severely tested. As of possible historical interest in this connection it is pertinent to remark that regimes fired by a fanatical faith have gone rather far in military conquest in bygone days; for example, the fanatical

hordes of Islam swept across Europe to the gates of Vienna in the Fifteenth Century. The idea that fanaticism is a military liability and tolerance a military asset is peculiarly misguided. It is a mistake, with the limited knowledge we now have of morale-factors, to suppose that on the outbreak of war German or Italian morale would collapse and that the now-divided French people would suddenly become united in a fierce patriotism to invade Germany and Italy. Once more, it is simply wishful thinking.

III

We have analyzed certain of the more basic examples of popular wishful thinking connected with the present crisis of democracy and the momentous issues of war. Let us now consider somewhat more specific examples connected with two important events of last Autumn: the first reactions of American public opinion to Munich, and the Republican gains in the November elections. Both reactions produced a sharp advance on the Stock Exchange, one of our best barometers of public opinion. Munich was interpreted as a sign of improved Anglo-German relations, a revival of foreign trade, a

resumption of international lending, and a more conservative orientation of German policy. The Republican gains were thought to be most auspicious for American business as indications of a right turn in American political sentiment and public policy. Both interpretations of the respective events were wholly unwarranted and absurd in the light of any realistic view of the facts.

Munich was a victory for Hitler, fascism, and economic autarchy. It was a defeat for Britain, liberalism, democracy, and capitalism. The idea that Hitler would be appeased to the extent of adopting policies which had led Republican Germany to collapse and of abandoning policies which had led the Nazis to power and glory was too silly for words. Why should Hitler abandon fundamental objectives just when he was enjoying amazing success in their attainment? It was said that the Nazis need gold and foreign credits. The answer is partly that their predecessors of liberal Republican Germany had both, with results which need not be restated; and partly that Germany does not need gold or foreign credits if it can make a success of barter trade with raw-material-producing foreign countries, as it has been doing of late.

It may be added that to whatever extent Germany imposes barter on certain areas of the world, to that extent it will contribute to the downfall of British financial power. This is true because British prosperity depends largely on the invisible income of the United Kingdom from foreign investments and financial commissions and profits. Wishful thinking hopes to frustrate barter by invoking irrelevant considerations of sentiment. The victory of autarchy at Munich will force us to more autarchy and, ultimately, to international barter through bilateral trade agreements. It will hasten the break-up of the British Empire and the relegation of the United Kingdom to a position analogous to that of Holland or Sweden.

As for the Republican gains of last November marking the beginning of a pendulum swing back to normalcy, nothing in the situation really warrants such an interpretation. None of the winning Republicans advocated deflation or cutting down Relief. The New England, as well as most of the Middle Western, Republican winners favored bigger old age pensions and adequate Relief both for the farmers and the unemployed, all of which necessarily means bigger deficits. The New Dealers were

beaten in many farm districts by a vote against insufficient inflation rather than against inflation. The purged Democrats who won were all in favor of more spending to help their local economic interests. Nothing would better insure a third term for Mr. Roosevelt than to have the Republicans nominate a reactionary and adopt a platform in 1940 calling for a budget to be balanced at the expense of the dole-receiving farmers, old age pensioners; and unemployed. The probabilities are that the Republican candidate will promise a bigger and better New Deal and higher prices.

My reason for linking Munich with the latest American election returns is to stress the point that neither in foreign developments nor in domestic politics is any pendulum swing back to Nineteenth Century or pre-War normalcy to be expected. It matters little what candidate or what party wins here in 1940, or what move Hitler makes next or what check he receives next. Current trends will continue because they are determined by such long-range changes as the end of population growth, the end of the frontier, and the end of the Industrial Revolution. Germany has a frontier in eastern Europe and Japan has one in

China, while Russia alone among the white nations is enjoying rapid population growth due to the fact that it is in the midst of the Industrial Revolution. But the democracies have none of these essential stimulants.

To suppose that the frontier and the Industrial Revolution can be brought back by a vote of the American or any other people is wishful thinking. The American people elected Mr. Wilson in November 1916 because he had kept them out of war and in the desire that he should continue to do so, with the result that he had them in war within five months. In 1932 they elected Mr. Roosevelt to balance the budget and end the Depression. People don't always get what they want.

The ultimate triumph of democracy is no more inevitable than the ultimate triumph of fascism or communism. All theses of inevitability are based on wishful thinking when they forecast a long-run constructive course of social events. The only inevitability thesis which can be intelligently sustained in argument, so far as social systems are

concerned, is that of the inevitability of eventual collapse. So far, the record shows that every system has collapsed in time. We cannot possibly tell at this time whether fascism or communism will survive another five, ten, or hundred years or not. What we can be reasonably sure of is that those features of liberal democracy which depend on rapid population growth, the frontier, and industrial revolution are doomed to an early disappearance. No popular vote or preference, no program or person, and no likely turn of events can change these fundamentals in any near future.

The problem for the peoples in the democracies today is to survive as peoples, not to save institutions. The problem is one of defense against possible foreign foes and domestic forces of disintegration and anarchy, and also one of readjustment to the changed conditions of a new era. This requires a facing of facts, an avoidance of wishful thinking, and an accommodation of folkways to the facts of today, not the facts of the dead Nineteenth Century.



THE MILLION-WORD-A-YEAR MAN

BY FLETCHER PRATT

WHEN the gnome-like Colonel Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey shot himself in the air-shaft room of a cheap New York hotel some sixteen years ago, he instituted for the second time in his life a literary movement. He had been the first of the pulp writers whose 1,000,000 words a year were devoured by 100,000 readers a month: he was now the first to discover that the nervous system of the human body cannot stand the racket of such production. And more recently since the coming of the picture magazines has offered the unimaginative reader less laborious anodynes, it has become clear that the public will no longer stand the racket of such consumption. So the million-word-a-year man has joined the long list of vanishing Americans.

The writer who could turn out 2740 words, ten pages of finished narrative every day of his life (Sundays included), an average short story every two days, or eleven book-length novels a year was a product of special conditions.

He was born in the booming era of Harding normalcy, when the dime novel was turning into the dime magazine, conjured forth by a new reading public consisting of two groups: first, the thousands of second-generation immigrants just leaving high schools where they had been taught to read but not to think; and, second, other thousands of men just emerging from the army, where violent death had been a matter of imminent expectation, and who now found the excitements of ordinary literature flat. This new generation of readers found certain publications printed on wood-pulp already in existence. There were the dime novels, wherein Colonel Dey had been offering every week since the gilded age of Mark Twain a new installment of Nick Carter's escapes from fates worse than death, and where Frank Merriwell had heroically attitudinized for a decade. There were also a few pulp magazines, whose readers had already heard the jungle-call of Tarzan of the Apes.

The pulps of those days, however, were separated as by a gulf from what they presently became. Their tables of contents still bore the names of Joseph Conrad, Charles Russell, Arnold Bennett, Arthur D. Howden-Smith, Rafael Sabatini, and Cunningham-Graham. But such artisans could not hold the pace of a demand that turned monthly magazines into semi-monthlies and then into weeklies; that expanded every weekly into a "rounded chain" consisting of a pair of adventure pulps, a love pulp, a sports pulp, a Western pulp, a detective pulp, a confession pulp, a science-fiction pulp, and three or four assorted magazines, each representing some editorial inspiration. Such a chain ate up something over 2,000,000 words in stories every month: if the authors wrote at about the speed normal in other fields, this would mean that the editors of the chain would have had to deal with something like seven hundred writers every three weeks. The mere editorial-organization problem, the mere question of personal relationships, became impossible on such a basis, not to mention the fact that there were not in the world enough writers to supply such a demand.

Except for a few experienced

hacks of the dime novel like Colonel Dey, the million-word-a-year monster did not then exist: it was therefore necessary to invent him. He was usually already a writer whose strong sense of incident and specialized knowledge of a field remote from the humdrum of daily life had given him a pulp public; sometimes he was a business man with leisure, or a reporter trained to think on the typewriter; in two instances he was a detective, in one a convict, and in another a 16-year-old schoolboy. But, whatever the background, his history was the same. He had had one story accepted by (let us say) a detective pulp; then another and another until the golden day when he was called in by an editor and asked whether he would care to contribute to a new magazine which the chain was about to start. He would care to — and shortly after would discover that the basic plots of stories he sold to the first type of publication need not be much altered to make them suitable for the new one. One such pulp artist instantly capitalized on this discovery by re-writing his subsequent stories five times, changing only the names of the characters and the locale — and usually sold all five versions. Another had his wife rewrite his stuff

in Cockney dialect and re-sold them to English magazines. But very few found such ingenious solutions, and these were not the big shots of the business. It was more usual that, in the hurry to meet a deadline, they would begin to borrow phrases, situations, and finally whole chains of incident from other stories they had written.

At about this juncture something usually happened to bring the developing million-word-a-year man to the attention of a new chain of pulps. Not infrequently it was an editor leaving one chain for another. (In the pulp game editors change jobs like the figures in a square dance, regularly every eighteen months.) Again the writer was called in for an editorial interview, asked to contribute, and tempted with large chunks of lovely money in the form of increased rates. Moreover, in order to protect the writer's contract with the original chain—to which nearly all pulpeters cling with a curious loyalty—the new editor would promise to publish any stories written for him under a "house-name" or even with "house-characters". This arrangement finally made the scribbler a million-word-a-year man in production and a hundred-thousand-a-year man in income.

Or perhaps even more in both fields: Colonel Dey wrote a 45,000 word manuscript every week for years; W. Bert Foster on his death-bed worked "very slowly—only about 3000 to 5000 words a day", and this quotation from the manuscript book of Erle Stanley Gardner given in an article in *The Quill* is worth reprinting:

<i>Date</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Words</i>
May 7	"On Top of the Heap"	16,000
May 11	"Promise to Pay"	14,000
May 12	"Muscle Man"	10,000
May 15	"No Rough Stuff"	12,500
May 18	"Make it Snappy"	10,500
May 20	"The Whip Hand"	8,000
May 21	"Turn of the Tide"	5,500
May 23	"The Glove Mystery"	11,500
May 25	"The First Stone"	12,500
May 30	"The Play's The Thing"	17,500
May 31	"Hot Squat"	15,000

This averaged out slightly above a million-and-a-half words a year; and Mr. Gardner's accompanying notation showed the stories being sold to six magazines of four chains with "No Rejections—No Revisions".

II

At the start, turning out a million words a year looked fairly easy, and it was almost as easy as it looked. The house characters were furnished by the editor, and their characterization went with them, for they were types, instantly rec-

ognizable to the reader as “villain”, “hero”, or “fool”, on whom no subtleties had to be wasted. Plot, in all but the narrowest sense, was merely the result of combining characters and locale. True, locale and all that pertained to the physical background of the pulp story was very important: indignant readers would write in and howl if the hero of a Western used a revolver not made till five years after the date of a story, or if the number of buttons on a Foreign Legion tunic was misstated. But, like the characters, this physical background had only to be looked up once for a whole series of stories which may have run for as long as ten years. His first series usually came out of the writer’s own background; but once on his relentless schedule, the author no longer had time to widen experiences; not even time to do serious research. Characters, plot, background had to be at his fingertips; he had only to lead the story through a series of incidents relating to a central theme, producing a story in which suspense was always high and physical action was continuous.

A composite picture of the typical million-word-a-year man in action was about like the following: he usually typed all his stuff, writing automatically, “in the

groove”. His typewriter was electric, with a power-driven keyboard like a linotype machine, bolted to a heavy steel platform to keep it from jumping. It required the merest touch to operate: at the end of each line, the touch of a key automatically returned the carriage and double-spaced; still another indented the proper space for a paragraph, and others made lines of dots or asterisks zip automatically across the page. The author used these last two devices constantly; a page of his manuscript would look like this:

Larkin flung himself headlong against the great oak-studded door; cursed as its solid panels flung him back. The soft *pat-pat* of slipped feet . . . the stealthy breathing of flat-nosed Orientals . . . sounds of swishing Chinese robes behind the door . . . that would be Chun T’Sun and his hatchetmen, back there in the twisty darkness of the passage. . . . Larkin thumbed his .45 and waited . . . his heart was pounding and there were drops of icy sweat on his brow . . . but the hand that held the Colt was steady as a rock****Chapter IV

Everything around the typical million-worder was geared for efficiency. His swivel chair was mounted on a track on which he could slide up and down in front of the long table that served as a desk. Directly over the typewriter was a rosewood music rack: swinging completely around in his chair,

he could run his hands along the cold-steel face of a row of filing cabinets, pull open a drawer, find the subject he wanted, yank out a book, a magazine, or a newspaper clipping, and with these propped up on the music rack for reference, go to work again. His reference material was unique, consisting chiefly of back issues of *Argosy*, *Adventure*, and other periodicals rich in the characterizations of Karl Detzer, Eustace L. Adams, Erle Stanley Gardner, George Surdez, and such masters. From Surdez' fiction he could get a complete education in the ways of the French Foreign Legion; from Detzer, the technique of police investigation; from Adams, the dope on South American jungles; from others, information on side-arms, the Gobi Desert, darkest Africa, and such indispensables. Did the question arise whether a Martin bomber can be landed in a cowpasture? Consult the stories of Elliott White Springs. Will any poison effect the motor but not the sensory nerves? See special card-index reference to a page in Webster's *Toxicology*.

In addition to the magazines, rows of novels lined the walls, all ear-marked and full of penciled notes. Our writer could concoct a sea-story from passages from Mel-

ville, Conrad, Dana, and Villiers. Probably the most useful of all the reference books was Rafael Sabatini's *Captain Blood*, which is a handbook on how to fire a broadside from a frigate, how to aim and load a brass cannon, how to take a harbor fortress by frontal assault, and — not the least important — how to diagnose and treat gout.

With these aids to industry, the million-worder reduced the art of fiction to a business of production. He kept his fingers flying over the keyboard until he would stop suddenly in the midst of page thirty, space six spaces, and write: THE END. Then he would fasten the pages with a paper clip and forget them. He seldom read over what he had written, and would be pleasantly surprised if a reader complimented him on a particularly smashing passage. Finished, the story became a mere entry in his card-index file. For each opus was carefully indexed and cross-indexed. One file bore the title, length, and type of the story; on the line underneath was the date on which it was sent out, and everything else that befell the story. The second file was an index of publishers, on whose cards were entered the manuscripts sent them. Together the files told just how

much the writer was producing, how much he was getting for it, who was buying and who was not, and the length of time since each particular editor had been favored with a contribution.

All this activity naturally kept the million-worder in a state of high emotional tension, and at the same time denied him not only the anodynes he provided others but also almost all the ordinary recreations of humanity. He wrote too much to care for any reading but that in pursuit of information; the theater inevitably became a clinic to him; he was abstemious, because alcohol made fatal draughts on his productive powers and hence on his market; and indulgence in sports was followed by unproductive periods of physical lassitude. He therefore often turned into a coffee-bibbing, wenching psychopath, whose most usual release was to spend his \$100,000 a year in travel agencies. One million-worder had the habit of shuttling back and forth across the continent, writing in Pullman drawing rooms. Another habitually turned out his stories aboard transatlantic liners, buying a return ticket on the same boat if he reached one shore before the book was finished. Still another whirled across the country and back in a magnificent chrome-

bound trailer—which he called his “escape mechanism”—with a sun-porch, followed by two blonde secretaries in a slightly less magnificent trailer. One more, famous for his moral tales for boys, voyaged like the Flying Dutchman among West Indian ports on the schooner-yacht that was his only home. Another bought two houses in Paris, one in California and one in New York, announcing with each purchase that he meant to make the place a permanent home, but selling each after four months at most, and doing his writing in one of the smaller New York hotels, in which he lingered for a few weeks before moving to another.

It was more normal than abnormal for the average million-worder to have woman trouble, and the percentage of million-word income that went into alimony payments probably exceeded that which went for income taxes. Years of poring over the dancing lines of type for ten or eleven hours a day made the man myopic; his conversation, when there was any, dealt with one of three topics. Coffee and nerve strain made him an inveterate hypochondriac; his eye lighted up at the mention of symptoms. He would also talk about the new story or series he

was just undertaking. If in a particularly serious mood, he would discuss the question of whether he was, after all, a successful author.

For the million-worder was eternally tortured by doubt and the need for self-justification. After the first year or so of continual driving, the vein of original invention which brought him into the big-money class was normally worked out; the process of writing had become wholly mechanical, a question of what standard story-incidents to fit together and attach to the house characters about whom he was writing. The nerve-strain was such that he had to make it a mechanical process or break, like Dey or that other million-worder who shot his wife. He was often intelligent enough to be aware of this and to find \$100,000 a year unsatisfactory pay when earned under a house name.

Those who could make the grade always quit the racket for the rewards, smaller in cash but greater in personal satisfaction, to be obtained from the "slicks". Those who failed in the effort to escape the iron collar of slavery had a system of self-justification always the same. The only empirical test (they said) of the importance of an author was the number of people who enjoyed his works.

Keats, for example, was considered a great writer because in the century or more since he set down *Endymion*, some hundreds of thousands, perhaps a million, readers had found pleasure in it. Now if the pulp writer chose to take his 1,000,000 readers all in one year instead of spreading them out across the centuries, and to extract from his work the greater financial reward this process brought, surely it was his privilege and it did not make him any less an author.

III

This was all very fine, except for the fact that the million-word man, chained to his typewriter, seldom had time to extract any pleasure from his financial rewards—and the more drastic fact that the skies soon became dark with signs that he would not have any such rewards much longer. For the million-worder finally hit the chutes. He received the first push slightly over two years ago when the picture-tabloid *Life* came to the newsstands; the second, and fatal, shove was the Roosevelt recession. That downward sweep of business took toll of magazines generally, but the pulps were hardest hit of all. In the effort to recover from the combined effect of recession and the

triumph of the photograph, two distinct tendencies among the pulps at once became visible; both were fatal to the million-wor-der. The magazines on one side of the fence, headed by the powerful Munsey group, argued that as long as their stories had the characteristic pulp virtues of rapid action and vivid drama, it would not matter to their usual readers if these stories also possessed good characterization and ingenious plot, while the latter would bring in a new class of reader. In other words, they sought the extension of the market by improving the quality of the magazine, putting up rates to the point where they would attract writers who had hitherto heard only the call of the slicks, and dismissing the million-word man as an incompetent. When they did buy a story from him, it was only because his name still commanded a certain circulation value; but the story was entirely rewritten by bright youngsters in the office. On the other wing were the pulps who, regarding declining revenues as a straight proposition in accountancy, met it by cutting expenses. "The spread

of the half-cent rate has become the most important news in the business," declared one trade journal mournfully. The million-wor-der's fate was sealed when the half-cent pulps discovered that stories bought at this rate from cub reporters and boys just out of college were as true to the formula and rather fresher in approach than those from the old masters. Thus the million-word man committed hara-kiri by efficiency; ruined his own business by formalizing and formularizing it until anybody could do it.

Today the million-wor-der is washed up completely, except for the few of his numbers who have escaped into the slicks, and the still fewer who have invested their vast earnings in annuities or gilt-edged bonds. The rest, who in the confidence that the river of gold would never dry up, spent it as fast as it flowed, still pound in futile fury at the electric typewriters that work with as little effort as their minds; but the manuscripts come flying back regularly. The million-word-a-year man has joined the horse-and-buggy in the American limbo.

THE HOMESTEAD MURDERS CASE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THE opening scene would have pleased either Dumas or Conan Doyle. On the evening of March 8, 1900, a wild storm howled down out of the Cascade Mountains and swept through the Columbia River gorge as Norman Williams, homesteader, drove a two-horse team out of the Fashion Livery Stable at Hood River, Oregon. Beasts and man alike bowed their heads to the wind. So black was the night that H. D. Langille, stable proprietor, lighted a lantern soon after Williams had left and followed the team. He found it in front of Thompson's boarding house nearby.

Langille proffered the lantern to Williams, remarking that the twenty miles to his homestead was a long way on so dark and miserable a night. By the lantern's rays, the livery man could see a slim and handsome young woman on the wagon seat; another and much older woman came down the steps from the boarding house and got into the seat beside the girl. Williams thanked Langille for the

light, picked up the reins, and drove out of Hood River into an inky darkness from which the two women never returned. . . . But more than four years afterward, a man was hanged for their murder.

Unknown to or forgotten by the lay public of today, the case of *Oregon vs. Williams* is familiar to lawyers and jurists all over the United States. It has been cited again and again, in probably every state of the Union, by prosecutors whose cases lacked that prime necessity known in legal jargon as a *corpus delicti*. To old-time Oregonians of the back-counties, the case is remembered as The Great Homestead Murders.

On March 8, 1900, Hood River folk did not realize anything was amiss. Next morning, Williams, without the two women, returned the team to the Fashion Stable and paid for its hire. Four years, lacking a month, passed. Meanwhile, President McKinley was assassinated and Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House. Horseless carriages had made their appearance in the

larger cities, but they were yet a long way from being a threat to livery stables. The Fashion Livery was still in business at the old stand in Hood River.

One day in February, 1904, a young man came to the Fashion Stable, now operated by Bert Stranahan. He said he wanted a horse and buggy to drive out to Norman Williams' homestead. He added that he didn't know where the place was, and would like to have a man drive him there. Stranahan said he'd do the driving.

Before they left the stable, the young stranger, who said his name was Jackson, asked if there was a spade available that they could take along. "I might want to do a little prospecting," he said. Stranahan thought it odd that anyone should want to dig for gold on a Hood River ranch, but livery-stable keepers in 1904 were just as used to queer things as taxi drivers are today. Stranahan fetched the spade.

On arrival at the homestead, it was evident that the premises had been deserted for a long time. Jackson surveyed the place a moment, then took the spade and began prodding the earth, first between the house and barn, then around both buildings. Stranahan sat in the buggy. Finally Jackson disappeared into what had obviously

been a henhouse. In a moment he was out again. "I think I'll dig in here," he said, and added: "You might as well unhitch the horse. We may be here most of the day."

The livery man went over to the henhouse. Inside, the ground showed a visible depression and the earth was loose. Jackson was already digging, methodical and unhurried. But his face was tense. After some minutes Stranahan offered to spell the man off. All the while, of course, he wondered what it was all about. Finally he put it up to Jackson: "What the hell are we digging for?"

"That I don't know," Jackson replied. "All I know is something tells me this is the right place."

When the hole got down about six feet, the spade struck something hard — a length of two-inch plank, rotted along its edges. Jackson's hand trembled as he took the plank out. "I think," he said, "I think we have found what we were looking for." Feeling in the loose dirt with his hands, he found a burlap bag.

Taken outside, the bag proved so moldy that pieces of it fell away. Looked at closely, there appeared to be a dark stain, barely discernible, on the sacking. Jackson handled the rotting mass as though it were eggs. He went to the buggy and put the stuff in a handbag.

As Stranahan was hitching the horse, Jackson began talking. He said his name was not Jackson, but Nesbitt. He had come to Hood River from his home in Harlan, Iowa, in an attempt to find his sister and mother who had been missing four years. In 1899, he said, Alma Nesbitt, his sister, had gone to Oregon to take up a homestead adjoining that of Norman Williams, a man she had known in Iowa. This had been urged upon her by Williams, through correspondence. Alma had come and had filed on the homestead. A few months later, their mother had traveled west to live with her. For the next year or so, the Nesbitts in Iowa had continued to receive letters from mother and sister. On March 8, 1900, the letters ceased. The last one had been mailed from a rooming house in Portland, fifty miles from Hood River.

Since that time, Nesbitt related, he had advertised for his missing kin in newspapers all over the West. He had written to police officials. He had written to Norman Williams, who replied that Alma and her mother had "run away and left him".

This all was interesting, but the livery man hewed to the line. "And what did you expect to find at the Williams' homestead?" he asked.

Nesbitt answered that he didn't know. As to his reason for digging, he said it was simply a "hunch". He said he couldn't explain it, that he wasn't given to hunches, but that he felt he couldn't ever sleep well until he had found the Williams' homestead and "saw what I could see".

II

George Nesbitt took the gunny-sacking to the district attorney's office at The Dalles. Under a reading glass, Attorney Fred Wilson thought the dark stain might be blood. Matted in the stain were two silver-gray hairs, some six inches long. Wilson sent the evidence—if evidence it was—to what in those days was termed a microscopist, in Portland.

Nesbitt now swore out a warrant for the arrest of Williams, who was found in Bellingham, Washington, working in a sawmill and living with a woman, his "house-keeper". He expressed surprise that he should be wanted in connection with a woman who had promised to marry him, he said, but had then run away with a man. He readily agreed to return to Oregon to help clear up the case. At the district attorney's office, Williams told what appeared to be

a straightforward story. He and Alma had been engaged. During the Winter of 1899-1900, she had gone to The Dalles as a hired girl. He remained on the two homesteads, working hard. They had planned to marry in the Spring.

"When Alma come out to the place for a visit in March of 1900," Williams related, "I could tell that she had got city ways. I felt then that she didn't want to settle down on no homestead. I could see that she had notions." His seamed face softened as he spoke of Alma, and Attorney Wilson noted that tears welled up in his eyes. Williams went on: "That was the last I ever see of her. She wrote me that she was going away with a man she met in town. They was going to be married." Here his voice choked. Mrs. Nesbitt, Alma's mother, he said, had apparently gone away with her daughter. He hadn't seen her since that day.

They put Williams in jail under a bond too heavy for him to raise. Then Attorney Wilson and George Nesbitt started in to be detectives, an occupation unknown in the Wasco County of the time. At Winters' rooming house in Portland, an old ledger revealed that on February 8, 1900, Alma and her mother had registered. They had remained until March 8—

which was the date of the last letter Alma's relatives in Iowa had received. It was also the date on which Norman Williams had hired the team at the Fashion Stable in Hood River. The rooming-house keeper, Mr. Winters, recalled, although it was four years past, that a man had called and talked to the women on that day. The word "homestead" had been used two or three times.

Next, playing a hunch, the two amateur detectives went to Vancouver, Washington, then the Northwest's Gretna Green. In the county recorder's office, they learned that on July 25, 1899, Alma Nesbitt and Norman Williams had been married by a justice of the peace. Checking up on Williams' past as a hired man on Oregon farms, it was found Williams had also married a woman in Dufur in 1898, then deserted her.

The sleuths next went into the farming district outside of Hood River. A laborer named Reese told of helping Williams cut an immense amount of brush and grub a good many stumps on the Williams place. That had been in April, 1900, or within a month after the women disappeared. Later that year, Reese went on, he had occasion to visit the Williams place and he noted that the brush and

stump pile had been burned. "Nigh ten feet high and 'bout fifty feet across—ungodly mess of stuff."

When Williams was shown the burlap dug out of the ground in the henhouse, he was unruffled. Yes, that was blood on the sacking, he said. A mare of his had foaled on the sack. He had later thrown the sack into an outhouse. The outhouse had fallen down. He filled up the hole, later building the chicken house.

Attorney Wilson and Nesbitt located employees of a sawmill near the homestead where Williams had worked at odd times. They remembered Williams' mare foaling a colt, but agreed that this had taken place at the sawmill.

Neighboring ranchers vowed that at no time had an out-building stood on the spot.

III

When Norman Williams went on trial at The Dalles in May, 1904, he was assured of a good audience. The missing women were almost unknown in Oregon; their disappearance had not created a ripple. But the power of the press was great. The Harry Tracy case was in the past; the Harry Thaw case hadn't begun. The "Great Homestead Murders" were a godsend to

Western editors. Dailies as far away as San Francisco sent men to cover the trial.

Williams had grown a set of whiskers and he looked for all the world like a big kind-hearted peasant, caught in the web of cruel circumstance. The courtroom was overflowing. A milling crowd packed the street outside.

In his opening statement, Attorney Wilson told the jury the State would prove that Norman Williams drove the two women to his homestead on March 8, 1900, and there murdered them in cold blood; that he buried their bodies in the ground until such time as he had gathered a great pile of brush and stumps; and that this pile had been used for a pyre. As a motive, prosecution said, the State would prove that Williams had another wife living when he married Alma Nesbitt; that Alma had discovered the fact and planned to leave Williams; that Williams wanted Alma's homestead himself.

H. D. Langille, one-time proprietor of the Fashion Stable, testified that he had seen Williams drive into Hood River on the morning after he had hired the team. There was no one in the wagon but Williams, and Williams had driven direct to the stable. This was in rebuttal of Williams' claim

that he had driven to the depot first and there had put the two women on a west-bound train "at nine o'clock". Prosecution called the train dispatcher to show that the only west-bound train passing through Hood River on the morning in question had done so at 5:33.

Prosecution now sprung a bombshell in the person of John H. Hall, United States attorney of Portland. Hall told how late in 1900, the defendant had brought to his office a document purportedly signed by Alma Nesbitt in which she relinquished her homestead in Williams' favor. The transfer had been made. Then a clerk in the land office who remembered the pretty Alma became suspicious of the signature. A check-up with the original document in Washington, D. C., proved the relinquishment to be a forgery. The land office had then gone to Williams, accusing him. He admitted the charge but said he had a letter from Alma in which she gave him permission to sign her name. He said he could find the letter if given a few days. The stay had been granted and Williams had disappeared. The land office had issued a warrant for Williams' arrest on forgery charges.

The links were getting tighter. Reporters noted that Williams was becoming morose.

Now the microscopist was called. She was Dr. Victoria Hampton, possibly the first woman in that profession, and she was young and pretty. The sketch artists for Mr. Hearst's *Examiner*, the *Times*, and the *Oregonian* had a field day.

"The stains on this sacking," said handsome Dr. Hampton in a clear voice, "are of human blood." Newsmen wrote that the prisoner was seen to twitch noticeably.

"Matted in the stains," Dr. Hampton went on, "I found several fine hairs, nearly white in color. They are human hairs and they were torn from the head before death. Microscopic examination shows that the roots still cling to the hair."

There was deathly quiet in the courtroom, then bedlam, and the boys wrote their heads off. All this, remember, was 1904, and in 1904 it wasn't often that a woman M.D., and a lulu to boot, stood up in a murder trial and talked like that. Some of the jurors wanted to know *how* she could tell. With feminine music in her voice, Dr. Hampton explained how she had arrived at her conclusions. "She made a profound sensation", wrote the *Oregonian's* man in a gross understatement.

The State rested, and Henry E. McGinn, Oregon's greatest crimi-

nal lawyer, loosed his eloquence. He called no witnesses, nor did he put Williams on the stand. He rested his case solely on the premise that the State had not shown a *corpus delicti*, which, he explained to the jury, meant that the State had not proved that *anybody* had been done to death, much less Alma Nesbitt and her mother.

"Gentlemen," cried the dramatic McGinn, "the State of Oregon has not and cannot prove death in this case. There are suspicions, grave suspicions, gentlemen, but nothing more. You cannot hang a man on mere suspicion, especially when there is grave doubt of death.

"For all you and I know, gentlemen, and for all prosecution knows, Alma Nesbitt and her mother are today alive and well. You can't find a man guilty of a crime that you don't know has been committed."

But the jury could and did. They came to a first-degree verdict in less than four hours. An appeal was taken to the State Supreme Court. In denying a rehearing, the learned judges summed up in part:

The strict rule contended for by defendant would operate completely to shield a criminal from punishment for the most atrocious crime. . . . No universal rule can be laid down in re-

gard to the proof of the *corpus delicti*. . . . The body of the crime may be proved by the best evidence which is capable of being adduced. . . . There was sufficient evidence, without commenting on it, in the case at bar, in our opinion, to establish the death of the alleged victim within the rules of the law.

A year after the trial, The Dalles was again crowded with the curious, most of them there to see what was the last public hanging in Oregon. Williams made a good subject. He walked with firm step through the courtyard and up the thirteen steps. He told the hangman that an innocent man was being executed. Then he shot through the trap at 6 A.M. on July 21, 1905, thus ending the Great Homestead Murders Case, although Norman Williams lived on in the inevitable ballad:

Oh, Williams built a fire
And he threw the bodies in;
He thought he'd covered up his
bloody trail.
But he left a couple hairs
A-buried in the ground, and
They hanged him at the Wasco
County Jail.

Today, the affair is forgotten by everybody except Hood River oldsters; and attorneys the country over to whom the back-country drama is known only as *46 Ore.* 287 (80 Pac. 655).

MEXICO'S RUNAWAY NEW DEAL

BY ROBERTO PIÑA

SOME mighty queer tinkering with the social structure has been taking place in Mexico recently. This country today is a far cry from that which our forefathers fashioned; what it will be like a few years hence nobody knows, not even our present leaders themselves — for it is becoming increasingly clear that their handiwork, like Frankenstein's monster, has gotten beyond all control.

The current process of tearing down what others built before us, and the attempt to substitute for it a number of things which were unheard of until very recently, is called The Revolution. It may be said to correspond roughly to America's New Deal in that the avowed object of both is to shuffle things around so that the underdog gets a better break. In our case, however, there is no limitation to the powers of the Executive. In addition, it has become a sort of truism that all that existed before the advent of the present regime is unqualifiedly wicked and merits destruction forthwith.

In this article, I am able to consider only one of the phases of our New Deal — the agrarian policy. It all started nobly enough, the purpose being to return to the peons and to the Indians the land of which, so song and story had it, they had been robbed by greedy landlords; the premise being that the long-suffering Indian was peacefully working in the fields when the heartless Spaniard appeared and with fire and sword reduced him to peonage, stole his land, and abused him generally. The actual facts are, of course, that the Indian never owned any land, save bits which a few isolated villages worked on a community basis and which did not amount to one-tenth of one per cent of what has been expropriated since 1920. But the land-expropriation movement made a vastly effective campaign cry for politicians during the decade after 1910, when the country was in a continual state of revolution. At every political gathering professional politicians railed against the thieving landlords, who

quickly became the Mexican equivalent of America's current Economic Royalists. No deed was too black to be attributed to them, and it seemed in time that no one who owned an acre of land had come by it honestly. This anti-landlord hatred was embodied in the Constitution adopted in 1917 and in the Agrarian Code sprung from it, which provided for the restitution of lands so evilly snatched from the helpless Indians in the course of four centuries. It soon became obvious, however, that it would not be possible to meet the demand with the available supply, for many acres had been opened to cultivation within this generation, and even the wildest imagination could not claim they had been stolen from the Indians. So the Agrarian Code was stretched to include *dotation* as well. As things now stand, anybody, whether descendant of the land-owning Indians or not, can have land for the asking, the Government taking it from those who have more than a fixed maximum.

At first the land taken for redistribution was to be paid for: bonds were given to the dispossessed owner equal to the value of his property. But nothing was ever paid on these bonds, and soon the expropriations mounted to sums so huge that the Government could

not even pretend it meant to pay them. Lately a more realistic view has been taken: the formality of presenting worthless bonds has been abandoned, and the ex-owner gets absolutely nothing — not even an official notification that the land is no longer his.

During the period of comparative peace that followed the promulgation of the Agrarian Code, the leaders began in a small way to make their promises good, but what none had foreseen was that it soon became obligatory for each President to outdo his predecessors in returning land to the landless, until at the moment more than half the country's workable land has been expropriated — in all about 60,000,000 acres, according to President Cárdenas' message to Congress last September. And the end is not yet. The Mexican land has been returned to its "rightful owners", who in the majority of the cases don't know what to do with it. The whole process, as we shall see, gives ground to the opinion that we in Mexico are a fine example of a nation gone haywire.

For example: in Southern Sonora there is a vast expanse of very rich land. A large river runs through it, enough to water it amply, provided a storage dam is built. Thirty years ago an American syndicate ob-

tained a concession from the Mexican Government to build a canal system irrigating a small portion of this land. Thus private capital and initiative made available some 120,000 acres, and 300 farmers labored and made a living. This pinpoint of light on that dark area became famed for the richness of its crops, but it was no miracle; it took thirty years of incessant toil — dozens of crops were tried, pests were fought off, adapted seed slowly developed. Many of the pioneers went broke; but when the project got going, this small area yielded a fifth of all the wheat and a third of all the rice consumed in the Republic.

When the time came to give land to the peasants in this region, one would suppose that the solution would lie in building the dam, and making more land available — enough for both owners and peasants. But no, the owners must be thrown off the land, and nothing else. Too often had the cry “Down with the rich!” been raised during the last twenty years for the man in the street, who is all-powerful now, to be deprived of the pleasure of seeing his boss humbled. No matter if the landowner had once been a peon who worked up; no matter if equally rich land were to be had right next to his property.

The rich must go! *Mueran los burgueses!* Accordingly, a platoon of Government engineers arrived one day and went to work. There was no systematic apportionment of the land to be taken. The engineers consulted no one and heard no one. About four-fifths of the farmers lost everything but the 250-acre maximum allowed under the Agrarian Code. Inexplicably, some who had more were not touched.

According to the Code, if the seized land is irrigated, the owner is permitted to keep 250 acres, while the rest is cut up for distribution into ten acre plots. If the land is dependent on rainfall, everybody gets twice as much — the owner can have 500 acres, and each peon gets twenty. Agrarian leaders argued that the ten-acre allotment for irrigated land was insufficient — and with reason, for the minimum wage the farm-hand got while in private employ was at least twice as much as he could possibly realize from ten acres. In addition, as an employee he got a free house, medical attention, accident pay, and other prerogatives; as a landowner he depends on himself for all these. In time, the Government decided that the peon should have more land, but how could it be done under the Agrarian Code? After some cogitation a solution

was found, both brilliant and simple—the same land was declared irrigated for the owner, thus allowing him to keep only 250 acres, and unirrigated for the peon, making his share twenty acres.

So twenty acres it was, and one would suppose that as soon as this was settled each peon took his share and went to work with a song in his heart. But nothing of the sort happened; nothing anywhere like it. The new owner, believe it or not, continued working as a field-hand, exactly as he had before the land was presented to him, and the ex-owner continued bossing the show, just as before—except that he didn't own it now; the field-hand owned it. Incredible, you say? Well, here is how it came about in Sonora: while the wheat was being planted, under the old set-up, word had come from Mexico City that the redistribution of the land would not be carried out until the next year. Then suddenly somebody high-up changed his mind, and one bright morning the engineers arrived, as described. At most two or three weeks remained between the day the engineers finished mapping and the latest date wheat could be planted with any reasonable chance of success. The new owners had neither implements, seed, mules, nor knowl-

edge of what needed to be done. So the mighty Banco Ejidal took charge.

"Go on with the planting," said the Banco Ejidal to the former owners, "just as if the land were still yours. We'll pay you so much for plowing, so much for planting, so much for seed, and so on, and when you get through the crop will belong to your field-hands."

The farmers could not refuse. On October 28 the President had said that all wheat planted by the thirty-first could be harvested by the farmer; the peon would come into possession the following Summer. Most farmers had part of their crop already in, and to salvage this they agreed to continue in charge of the land—as employees of their ex-employees!

And this brings us to the Banco Ejidal, which is nothing like a bank and which, to our Leftist writers, is a shining example of Socialism brought to earth. The Banco Ejidal controls all expropriated land; its domain grows daily, for what remains in private hands is diminishing as fast as the proverbial snowball in hell. I understand that in Soviet Russia the Government controls vastly larger quantities of land; we cannot hope to catch up to the Russians, given our territorial limitations, but certainly on our

Continent no organization can boast of bossing an area equal to the States of New York and Pennsylvania put together. What exactly is the Banco? A sort of AAA, RFC, and NRA rolled into one, with further powers still unheard of in the United States. It is a Government institution to which control of the land passes upon expropriation. The *agrarista*, as the peasant who got the land is called, really has no more to say now than when he was a field-hand. The Banco takes a collective farm, called *ejido*, belonging nominally to one hundred or two hundred *agraristas* — or it may take a region comprising several *ejidos* — and orders it planted. The *agraristas* who work are paid by the Banco on Saturday, exactly as if the bank were the former *patron*. If a contractor handles the job at the Banco's order — and this is done often — he pays wages to the *agraristas* who work for him. When the crop is in, the Banco provides sacks and warehouses, and when it is good and ready, sells to whomever it chooses. Then, after deducting expenses and fees, it turns the profit, if any, back to the *ejido* for division among its members. So far, nearly every crop has ended in the red.

The *agrarista*, then, is a small stockholder in a corporation. He

owns the land just as the man with a few shares in the telephone company owns the poles and the wires. When there is work to be done, and he feels like doing it, he is paid a daily wage. Otherwise he can stay home and twang his guitar, and still have a share in the community, provided it makes a profit. Hustler and loafer share alike.

But who *owns* the land? Nowhere can you get a straight answer to that question. The law specifically provides that the *agrarista* cannot sell or lease his part. But supposing he goes away, will he still participate in the profits? I once asked. No, they thought not; that would not be fair. Supposing he dies, would his children inherit his portion? No, they didn't think so; the children could apply for plots of their own elsewhere. Supposing, then, that ten have died in an *ejido* that originally belonged to one hundred, would the other ninety have proportionately larger shares? Yes, they thought so. Would that mean that the last survivor would own 2000 acres? That would make him a despicable landlord, would it not? They didn't know. No one had bothered to ask these questions, and so no one had prepared the answers. All that we do know is that the Government has the land tightly under

control, and when the time comes it will provide the answers.

II

From time immemorial, democracy in Mexico has been a farce. It has become doubly ludicrous now, for the present arrangement places the total agricultural wealth of the Republic in the hands of bureaucrats, responsible to the Chief Executive alone. In recent months the Government has also expropriated, but not paid for, the entire petroleum industry and the National Railways. Add to that the income from agriculture, and we find almost the entire wealth of the nation in government offices.

In other ways, too, the democratic form of government, such as it was, is disappearing. Mexico never had more than the outward form, but even that much was worth hanging on to, in the hope that future generations might yet make it succeed. But even the form has been ruthlessly destroyed whenever it collided with the Government program. For example, the Agrarian Department, which directs the Code, has been set above the law. Not wanting to be bothered by landowners who might sue on being dispossessed, an executive decree was issued

withdrawing from the courts authority to hear complaints involving the Department. Further, the Department is not even bound by its own Code, but frequently disregards it or interprets it as is convenient, and the citizen has no recourse whatever.

The productivity of the country, under this regime, has been reduced to a shocking extent. In some localities *agraristas* work their little patches individually. Some are indolent, others unfitted for the work, others willing but inexperienced. Many lack the proper implements, or it is impossible to farm some products successfully on such a small scale. If the crop fails, for any of the hundreds of reasons why crops do fail, the *agrarista* must live off the Government or starve until the next harvest. On the large projects worked on a communal basis by the Banco, the contractor usually takes far less care with the crop than did the former owner. The contractor is paid, let us say, so much per acre for plowing. He tries to get the job done as quickly and inexpensively as possible, so he sets his discs to go six inches into the ground, whereas the ex-owner would have known that eight would be better. The sum of such details may mean the difference between a good crop and a bad one.

Production has diminished so sharply that food prices have doubled, and in some cases tripled, during the last few years. Since the cessation of internal wars allowed the farmers to get back to work, Mexico had produced enough wheat and corn for its needs and, on occasion, a surplus for export. Yet during 1937 it was necessary to import one-third of the wheat consumed from the United States, and a like amount for 1938. As for corn, the basic food of Mexico, the following figures compiled by the *Instituto de Estudios Economicos y Sociales* are sufficiently eloquent:

	Metric Tons
Average yearly crop	
1906-1910.....	4,084,184
1927-1931.....	1,843,205
1932-1936.....	1,778,520
1937.....	1,629,638

The same Institute figured that Mexico produced 592 pounds of corn per inhabitant yearly during the five years ending in 1910, as against 200 pounds during 1937 — a decrease of 66 per cent!

Most tragic of all, in the disappearance of all traces of Mexican democracy, is the total discouragement of private initiative. No longer can a man scheme and struggle and save to build up a fortune. Two hundred and fifty acres is all he can achieve, and

there he must stop. If he should succeed in getting more, he is a *latifundista* (public enemy) and the excess is subject to seizure at any time. The *agrarista*, for whose benefit all this was done, owns a piece of stock in a corporation that pays no dividends — a highly questionable advantage. Nor can he aspire to twenty-five acres tomorrow and fifty the day after. He is bound by law to the *ejido*, where it is impossible to better himself. The peon's condition has been changed as radically as anything can be changed in this world, but is he any better off for the change? The answer is an emphatic *no*. I would be willing to be convinced that wreaking havoc upon the country in which I was born would still be worthwhile if the intended beneficiaries had obtained, and were making use of, the wealth snatched from others. The personal tragedies, the bitterness, the bloodshed, would be forgotten a generation from now if from them emerged the roseate dream of a nation of happy and prosperous small landowners. Unfortunately, the dream remains a dream, and the experiment, I think, will go down in history as another one noble in principle and prostituted in practice — one more futile effort to help those who cannot help themselves.

THE SAGA OF MODEL T

By KARL F. ZEISLER

BOBBED-HAIRED flappers deprived us men of the collarless, free-spittooning, bawdy-magazine barber shop; Prohibition robbed us of privacy, brass rails, and free lunches; and then Henry Ford, when he orphaned the Model T back in 1927, crowned feminine supremacy by annihilating one of the happiest and lustiest of all male prerogatives — he-man motoring. For Model T made men masters of their motors; they drove, tinkered, greased, and cussed these rugged equipages without so much as a snap of their fingers at female dictatorship; back-seat driving was stonily ignored, not only because women knew their place in those days but also because they couldn't shout above the cacophony of rattles. Running a flivver required a wrestler's muscle, an umpire's forbearance, a gate-crasher's perseverance, a press agent's guile, and a mule-skinner's vocabulary; in other words, it was manly sport compared with piloting today's balloon-tired bordellos.

Flivvers differed from other cars

of their era chiefly in their cheapness, starkness, and ugliness. None of your seductive coops or embroidered see-dans, but a plain, blunt-nosed, honest-to-God, he-man gas wagon if there ever was one. It held out for years against such lady-like refinements as the one-man top, and refused to truckle to yearly redecorating calculated to break down female sales-resistance.

The Model T stem-winders were accessible only from the right-hand door, for Henry didn't bother with a portside opening because the all-important emergency brake was on that side. You first reached in, set the ignition key on magneto, flipped the spark lever to the top and the gas lever to the bottom, and yanked back the emergency. Grabbing the crank handle with thumb carefully disengaged, lest you land in the neighbor's barberry bushes when the motor kicked, you gave a heave while pulling on the choke wire which extended through the radiator. Achieving spontaneous internal combustion was one of the thrills

of Homeric motoring never equaled by subsequent gadgetitis; failing this, you spun the crank till your can quivered with the abandon of a strip-tease *artiste* going into high. And then, finally, you leaped to the saddle to calm the snorting beast lest it shuffle the emergency into gear and pin you to a tree.

Ford invented the planetary transmission, manipulated by three pedals instead of a gear shift, and no machine-age gadget ever inspired more wholesome respect for mechanical genius. To start, you held the clutch in status quo with your left foot, toyed with the foot-brake with your right foot, eased the emergency forward with your left hand, throttled with your right hand, cast a weather eye out for traffic, sounded a blast on the ra-chitic horn, and then shoved the clutch to the floor, inducing the peculiar epileptic motion characteristic of Henry's pride, or else ignominiously stalling with a jerk that unhooked your back teeth. When the motor quit sputtering and settled down to a rhythmic purr, you recoiled your foot from the clutch and she was in high, hell-bent for election.

There were any number of ways to stop a Ford, short of picking a handy tree, but few flivverists ever

mastered the technique of backing. "Experienced drivers," counseled the Ford *Manual*, that paragon of fairy tales, "ordinarily reverse the car by simply holding the clutch pedal in neutral with the left foot, and operating the reverse pedal with the right foot." (Nothing, however, was ever done *ordinarily* in a Lizzie.) Horses shied and back-seat passengers scuttled like rats from a sinking ship when a driver began toying with the reverse pedal and feeling for that non-existent point designated as neutral. Good drivers never got into places where they had to back out, which doubled the life of the reverse band and enabled them to use it for a brake, when the latter wore down to the rivets.

In a day when auto mechanics were ambitious horseshoers and men ruled the rubber-tired roost, flivver drivers did their own tinkering, entering into a defensive brotherhood against garages, and so providing a universal interchange of remedies for every ailment from squeaking spokes to cracked cylinder heads. No initiate could address a frater on familiar terms until he had at least replaced a connecting rod or changed bands. Thirty-third-degree flivverists knew such tricks as jacking a hind wheel and leav-

ing the car in gear to ease the travail of cranking on sub-zero mornings, swathing the intake manifold with cloths soaked in hot water, mixing kerosene with the cylinder oil sold Summer and Winter in those days, and using a dime to gauge the space between spark plug points. Horse blankets were another cold-weather aid, more affluent owners affecting form-fitting leatherette hoods equipped with flaps; while no can was ever bedded for the Winter night without relinquishing its water.

Ford spurned anything so complicated as a water-pump, letting nature do the work of circulating fluid through the water jacket, an economy regretted by drivers whose hot-weather rides were interrupted by frequent stops to replenish the supply from barnyard wells. An auxiliary cooling device consisted of lifting the hood and folding it under, to give Lizzie the appearance of a hen with her wings akimbo. Like Mr. Farley's postmen, neither rain nor snow nor heat nor gloom of night could stay those tin couriers (before the CIO took over), but it would be glossing history to say that the weather occasioned no inconvenience to motorists in the Model T era. Putting up what flivver owners called the twelve-man top in a

shower, installing the side curtains in a blizzard, using your raincoat to keep the coils from getting wet, twisting the split windshield to induce a breeze, and persuading a flat tire to part from an undemountable rim were customary yet cussworthy pastimes of those epic days.

II

Today's viewers-with-alarm, eyeing a nation awheel, predict a generation of balloon-fanned tenderfeet which would never have been born, had Henry not deserted his Model T. For no driver, or passenger either, ever lacked exercise. You had to climb out and lift the front seat to insert a stick or screw driver into the gas tank to measure the supply. You got out and crawled under with a pair of pliers to uncork a petcock and estimate the oil level. You stiffened your spine on a pump when a tire went flat. And you either used the kerosene from the dash and tail lamps when you ran out of gas, or walked ten miles to the nearest filling station.

Like the planetary gear, the Model T ignition system also was a unique Fordesque creation, having the magneto, which supplied juice for horn, lights, and spark plugs, integral with the fly-

wheel, thus eliminating batteries and all such softy subterfuges. Its crowning glory was the timer, a simple, unpretentious bauble, but the Judas of the chariot. When your timer went haywire in a sleet storm and you removed it along with several square inches of knuckle, you could contemplate the innocent looking mechanism and realize the ineffable worth of the Stoic philosophy.

Henry's contraptions were susceptible to three major functional diseases, capable of diagnosis by the run-of-mine driver: the knock, the chatter, and the shimmy. There were two kinds of knock, the alarming, insistent *tunk* already mentioned when a paucity of oil melted the Babbitt metal in a connecting rod, and a duller thump denoting an accumulation of carbon on pistons. For the latter, vitriolic fluids were dispensed to dissolve the carbon and most of the inner vitals, but dyed-in-the-wool owners laboriously de-nutted the cylinder heads and scraped pistons clean. And while the head was off, it was no trick at all to grind the valves, using compound and a device attached to a carpenter's brace.

Chatter also had its phony medicaments, proprietary ointments supposed to postpone replacement of worn transmission bands.

Clutch epilepsy could be assuaged by tightening a lock-nut, but sooner or later the demoralizing chronic chatter overtook the most cautious driver. Chatter can hardly be described to latter-day motorists to whom a crown fender or full-floating axle have no significance. The only permanent cure was to unscrew 119 bolts, decapitate the frayed bands, and rivet new ones to the collars. Getting the housing back on was one of those harrowing experiences that made men wonder if the world had really progressed very far and if the protozoan miscreant who invented the wheel shouldn't have been garroted on the spot. (Today, motorists duck into the nearest service station when they detect a squeak in the windshield wiper.) Shimmy, like the shingles, sounds comical to those not afflicted. It arose from wear in the spindles of the front axle and its symptoms were a complete insanity of motion. There was no home remedy for this; it required hospitalization in a trustworthy garage.

For every minute on the highway, the can-custodian spent an hour in preparation. Paradoxically, the owners of the noisiest vehicle ever flung together were obsessed with the notion that they could make it run as catlike as an elec-

tric brougham, and consumed hours tightening nuts, stuffing caulking, applying grease, penetrating oil, and prayers, reinforcing lop-eared fenders with wire, and spending real pre-Roosevelt dollars for futile devices palmed off on the spurious claim of squelching the pandemonium in doors, windshield, top, hood, and chassis.

Decoration was another obsession of the Model T possessors, for having bought the ugliest car going, they compensated by trying to disguise the somber Highland Park black under chromatic gaudiness, from two-tone finishes, striping, and red wheels to such embellishments as coats of arms and Old English monograms. Once the weather had taken the salesroom luster hostage, any kind of pigment was likely to replace it, from barn paint to stove polish. But tint it, stripe it, camouflage it as you would, no ornate flivver ever fooled anyone into mistaking it for a Pierce Arrow.

Henry scrupulously avoided finishing a car; what he sold was transportation pure and simple, and he thereby bred in every owner an inordinate desire to finish what he started; from which sprang an enormous industry catering to this craving to convert

what was undeniably sired by Ford into something brave, costly, and handsome. Thus arose the Accessory, to appease the whim of drivers by creating afterbirth gadgets to make the flivver less flivverish. They ranged from muffler cut-outs to shiny tin devices for disguising the unmistakable Ford hub-caps. There were dinguses to attach to the axles to suppress shimmy, to the spark plugs to intensify the spark, to the carburetor to make it burn air instead of gas, to the radiator cap to frighten or puncture pedestrians. This parasitic trade seduced the Lizzie tender into buying nickel-plated license brackets, rubber strips to keep rain from penetrating the split windshield, anti-puncture fluid for the tires, moth balls for the gas tank to increase mileage, horns imitating the lowing of a bovine mamma in labor, pedal extensions enabling flappers to reach the brake, water pumps to augment the sluggish flow of the thermo-syphon system, oil gauges for fat men who couldn't reach the petcocks, anti-glare celluloids for the windshield, electric tail lights for erratic kerosene lamps, fastidious foot-scrapers for running boards, auxiliary gear axles for mountain grades, polishes to restore the fleeting glamour of black

enamel, top dressing guaranteed to thwart leaks, shock absorbers to permit farmers to haul eggs to town, chains for mud and snow, and a host of conveniences to enable the driver to sit in state instead of clambering out for necessary adjustments. In fact, when Henry enlarged his own force in 1927 with the historic hegira from Highland Park to River Rouge, coincidental with the birth of Model A, thousands must have been added to the toll of technological unemployment in the industry that had thrived on the flivver owner's fond hope of crossing his can with an accessory and producing a Cadillac.

Batteries achieved the status of standard equipment by their popularity in overcoming a characteristically annoying Ford trait, the tendency of the lights, electrified by the magneto, to fade and glow according to the speed of the motor. Slowed down on a rocky road on a rainy night, flivver pilots pedaled into low and raced the en-

gine to accumulate enough wattage to illumine their path. And the fiendish wail emitted by a Ford horn while the throttle was being pulled up and down no doubt was the source of radio crooning.

Model T was truly a car after men's own hearts. It clicked. For in the two-score years from 1908 to 1927, Highland Park spawned about 16,000,000 of them and they returned their maker \$931,282,462, or close to a billion in profit. Henry's nest egg was the \$28,000 speculation indulged by a few men his genius hoodwinked into starting the Ford Motor Company back in 1903. Of the 32,998,548 gas buggies produced contemporaneously with Model T, it accounted for 49 per cent. One out of every two motorists in those heroic days tasted the delights of the automotive frontier. They drove when motoring incarnated the spirit of adventure, when a Sunday afternoon drive was as adventurous as the Lewis and Clark jaunt to Oregon.



THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

BY LAO-TZU

The more mandates and laws are enacted, the more there will be thieves and robbers.

THE JUDGE TAKES A HOLIDAY

A Story

BY JESSE STUART

THE first time I ever saw the Judge was in the courthouse. I went there to hear a trial. It was the time they tried Leander Bailey's boy over that Spriggs girl and made 'im marry 'er. I went there with my man Dave. Th' whole house was crowded. Plenty o' wimmen there. I'm a-tellin' you that trial had to come out like it did. Jist a-better had a shot-gun weddin' in th' first place like th' Judge said, and not be draggin' sich little matters into Court. It wasn't th' trial so much as it was th' way th' Judge handled it.

I punched my man Dave in the ribs and I says: "Look at th' Judge, won't you. He knows his business, don't he? Jist once in a while he has to turn to that big Law Book and show 'em somethin' when he tells 'em. Th' Judge is a deep man." I could tell Dave didn't like the way I bragged on the Judge.

Dave says: "Yes, if you want to call 'im a deep man. Plays poker and bets on race horses. Drinks

more whisky than any five men in this courthouse. He's a dangerous man and not a deep man. I belong to his Party, but I'll never vote fer 'im!"

Dave was just jealous. I could tell. My Dave, so little, like a scrubby white-oak on a old poor bank. My Dave, with a little store a-sellin' baskets o' grub and a lot of 'em on credit until th' farmers sold their tobacco crops. W'y he didn't have th' color in his face th' Judge had. I thought th' Judge was th' best-lookin' man I ever saw from th' first time I ever laid my eyes on 'im. Great big handsome man — face red as a beet sliced in two soon as it's pulled out'n the garden. Great big blue eyes behind a big pair of black-rimmed specks! And th' finest pair o' legs you ever saw on a man in Kentucky. Great long legs, and th' way they'd step. It's th' way th' Judge carries himself. Just like a thoroughbred Kentucky Blue Grass horse. He jist reaches out with his long legs and paws in

the dirt — I love th' way th' Judge walks. Not some old shriveled-up Judge walkin' with a cane. Wears them tight-fittin', pin-striped, gray-worsted pants. I could tell from th' first time I ever saw th' Judge that he was th' man atter my own heart.

I went home that night with Dave. Back to th' same little old farm. Back to th' same little old place with a store beside the road. I just couldn't be contented. I couldn't go back to raisin' chickens fer th' store and helpin' Dave. Dave was so little, with his little hands and feet and his little wrinkled-up face. Th' Judge was so big and handsome. Color was in his face. He had big soft hands. He wore his shoes all shined like a lookin' glass. The way he walked. W'y he was worth a million dollars jist fer a woman to look at.

I heard he was married. But that didn't make no difference. He was my dream-man. You know besides wimmen havin' husbands, lots o' 'em have dream-men. The Judge was my dream-man. He was th' Lantern County Judge. He didn't haf to run no store like Dave to make a livin'. He made his livin' with his head and books.

I said to Dave: "Why don't you clean up like the Judge? Why don't you grow a foot taller and

get some color in your face? Why don't your hands and feet grow some more?"

Dave said: "That's crazy of you to talk like that. I'm too old to grow. A man can't grow no more atter he's forty."

Then I said: "Why don't you clean up then and wear white shirts and big striped neckties? Why don't you get you some tight-legged gray-worsted suits with pin-stripes runnin' down th' legs? Why don't you smoke big cigars and be somebody? Why don't you look like Judge Whittlecomb?"

Dave jist turned all kinds o' colors before he could get th' words out'n his mouth: "Damn the Judge to hell nohow! You like him right now better than you do me! If I got as much of th' people's tax money as he's a-gettin' fer settin' up there on my tail and doin' nothin' then I could wear white shirts and big ties and pin-legged pants too! I could have my shoes made to order and shined 'till you could see yourself in 'em. I could be somebody!"

I never said anything more to Dave about th' Judge. I took th' crates o' eggs to town and Dave stayed in th' store. It was on Saturday. I had some things to get in town fer th' store. I driv th' mules to town. I wondered if I'd make a

good-lookin' wife fer th' Judge. I wondered if he even dreamed that his second wife was bringin' a express-wagon load o' eggs to town. I jist had to stop th' express-wagon before I got to town and put a little powder on my nose and a little rose-bloom on my cheeks.

I didn't any more than get in town until I saw th' Judge. He went in th' Drug Store. I hitched th' mules up to a telephone pole. I made it my business to go in th' Drug Store. I wanted to get in before he got out. I'd get a cone of ice-cream or a box of face-powder. Jist somethin' so I could see th' Judge. When I walked in th' Judge was standin' up by th' cigar-counter. He was orderin' this kind of cigar and that kind o' cigar. I jist wondered if he'd notice me.

When I walked in th' Judge jist turned and looked me over. He turned away from his cigars. Th' man ast me what I wanted and I says: "A box of face-powder, please. Th' very best you got." I could tell th' Judge liked my looks. A woman can tell by th' way a man stares. And when a man leaves his terbacker for a woman! Well, he's a goner.

I turned to th' Judge and says: "Good mornin', Judge Whittlecomb."

The Judge says: "Good mornin',

Lady." He tipped his soft gray hat and jist smiled. And I guess I smiled too while I was waitin' fer th' box o' powder.

I says: "You don't know me. I'm Bertha Stone — Dave Stone's wife. We's in to hear th' trial th' other day when you spoke of a shot-gun weddin' . . . w'y I thought I'd die a laughin'. I thought you handled that trial so well. I told Dave, I did."

"Oh, that's you," said the Judge. He put a big cigar to his mouth and lit it with a big fancy lighter. Struck the fire with his hands.

And I says: "Judge, you're awfully young to have th' big job you have. You are a deep man."

The Judge jist acted a little bashful. I got the box o' powder and paid th' Druggist a quarter fer it. I started to walk out'n th' store. Th' Judge stepped out, too. Th' smoke was rollin' from his big cigar. Oh, but he was a monstrous big man. I was up beside of 'im now. I tell you I felt thrilled. Th' Judge was my Love. Poor old Dave back there a-slavin' his life away with th' chickens and th' store! Here I was in town with th' Judge. I jist felt sorry fer little Dave. I couldn't love 'im. If he was th' only man left in this world and we's put out on an island together, I couldn't love 'im. Th' Judge was my Love.

I couldn't help it if he was a married man. In this life I feel like among th' wimmen it's grab and take. You jist get th' other woman's man afore she gets yourn. Lord, how I would have traded her my Dave fer th' Judge — this woman th' Judge was tied to. I'd never seen 'er. I didn't want to see 'er. I hated 'er!

"It's a purty day, Mrs. Stone," says th' Judge.

And I says: "Yes, it's a mighty purty day, Judge." I started walkin' down towards th' express-wagon. Th' Judge just walked along beside o' me. I says: "Are you runnin' again, Judge?"

He says: "Yes, I guess I'll run again."

I says: "I'm fer you. I'll vote fer you and I'll get you all the voters I can. I'll get out and work fer you."

The Judge says: "You must be a mighty good wife to Dave Stone."

I says: "I'd make some man a good wife. But I don't make Dave Stone a good wife. I don't love him, Judge. But here I am talkin' to you like this and the first day I ever talked to you."

"That's all right," says the Judge. "A lot of us have our troubles. I have troubles myself."

When he said he had troubles my face began to color. I thought: "There might be a chance fer me.

I'm goin' to tell 'im that I love 'im." Then I thought: "I'd better wait a minute and let 'im lead up to it." All th' time we's gettin' nearer th' express-wagon. I says: "Don't you love your wife, Judge?"

And he says: "Oh, in a way I do. But I could love deeper. I don't love 'er like I ought to love 'er."

I jist had to say it. My heart ached so. I says: "Judge, th' first time I saw you in that courthouse, I fell in love with you. I made my man Dave mad th' way I talked. He got jealous o' you. I told him you was th' finest-lookin' man I ever saw. I guess I said the wrong thing to 'im. I ast 'im why he didn't grow some more and get as big as you. Then I ast 'im to dress like you and smoke big cigars like you smoke. Dave got so mad at me he nearly died. And he said a lot of things about you, Judge, that I'm not tellin' you. You jist watch Dave. He's little but he's mighty. He's a dangerous man."

"That's funny," says th' Judge, "I felt that way about you soon as you come into that Drug Store over there. I felt like you'd been the True Love o' my life that I had missed. All of my young days come back to me. I could see th' girls go past. And among all of them . . . I saw you . . . jist a little younger

than you are now but not any more beautiful. . . . Jist how old are you?"

"Judge, I'll tell you the truth," I says, "I'm thirty-four years old. I don't have no children. Not that I don't want 'em. Dave says he wants 'em, too. But we jist don't have 'em. We've got a little old dog we call our boy . . . a little old long-haired poodle-dog."

We stopped by th' wagon now. I wasn't ashamed to let th' Judge know about me drivin' th' express-wagon load of eggs to town. I had found out the Judge was jist a good old family man. The Judge says to me: "I don't have any children in my home either. I want 'em. Polly says she wants 'em. But we jist don't have 'em. Jist th' two of us. It's funny thing that you two are like that and we are that way."

Th' Judge puffed on his cigar. I'll never forget how sweet that cigar smoke smelled and the thousands of dreams that drifted away before my eyes on them big blue clouds o' smoke. I could see th' Judge as my husband. I could see a cozy little house with rose-vines above th' gate-posts. I could see our little curly-headed girl playin' on th' grass. I could see myself goin' down th' street with th' Judge a-holdin' my hand and me so proud o' 'im!

"I'm goin' up on Shelf's Fork for a holiday next Monday," says th' Judge, "and you can come up there some way. Leave Dave at home. I'll leave Polly at home. I'll tell her I'm on a fishin' trip with a bunch o' men. I'll be at th' Big Camp, right by th' Deep Hole in Shelf's Fork. You know where that is. I'll be in that little house down to th' left, on th' bank of th' crick. That's where you'll find me."

"I'll be right there," I says, "I'll be there someway. But if Dave finds me up there with you, he'll kill both of us."

"I'm not afraid of Dave," says th' Judge. "I'll handle Dave. He sells whisky, don't he? And don't Tim Snider make th' whisky for him? Puts it in th' baskets of groceries Dave sends out. Dave will be my best friend before this thing is over. I've bought Dave Stone's 'groceries'!"

Th' Judge jist smiled and puffed on th' short stub o' his cigar. I jist stood and watched him walk down the street. Jist th' way he carried himself, so big and strong and powerful . . . so well-dressed . . . what woman wouldn't want th' Judge? He was my man. Jist to stand and watch 'im paw on th' street like a race-horse! And to think I had a chance of gettin' th' Judge!

II

I took th' eggs to th' Produce House to ship to Cincinnati. Boys unloaded 'em fer me. I jist set on th' express-wagon seat with th' check-lines in my hands and looked off into space. I would see th' Judge Monday mornin' on his holiday. It sounded like a dream to me. I took th' express-wagon home and walked in th' store. I handed Dave th' money for th' eggs. Dave says to me: "Honey, what makes you so happy?"

I says: "Do I act like I'm happy?"

Dave says: "Of course you do."

I says: "Oh, I saw th' Judge."

I laughed real big so Dave wouldn't believe me.

"Ah," he says, "quit that a-kiddin' me!"

And he started laughin' too. Dave laughed and I laughed.

I pretended Dave was Judge Whittlecomb. I made myself believe I was in th' little dream-house with roses above th' door and roses above th' archway over th' gate. I pretended our dog old Bob was a little girl with ribbons on 'er hair. My whole life had changed. I was a happy woman. It had jist worked out like a dream.

Dave was so happy all day Sunday because I was happy. I walked

with Dave back over th' farm. We planned this and that fer next year. Dave was th' happiest I'd ever seen him because I was so happy. He'd say: "Yes, my Lovey-Dovey . . . yes, my Darlin'. You can have this. You can have that." I jist pretended Dave was th' Judge all th' time . . . I'd find myself jist floatin' like a cloud when I'd think of th' Judge. I'd find myself fightin' Polly, th' Judge's wife. I'd never seen her, I thought she was a big ugly-lookin' cow. I jist didn't want to see her. I was walkin' with th' Judge. He was my husband and I was his wife.

Monday mornin' Dave went back to salt the cows. He left me to stay in th' store fer 'im while he was gone. When Dave came back he didn't find me there. I got th' mules and hitched 'em to th' express-wagon. I'm tellin' you I turned th' curves on two wheels. I whopped th' mules right up th' road and crossed th' bridge into Bolt's Run, th' little town where Polly was. Then, I headed right up Shelf's Fork to th' Camp, that little camp-house by th' old divin' tree, right by th' deep-hole. I jist left a streak of dust behind me fer fourteen miles. When I got there my mules was wet with sweat. I never saw so many people there. I thought jist th' Judge would be

there. But to tell you th' truth I didn't care. Th' Judge was mine. He loved me and I loved 'im.

Here stood th' Judge in front of his cabin smokin' a big cigar and watchin' the boys dive off th' tree. When a boy hit th' water belly-buster, th' Judge would jist haw-haw and laugh. He says to me: "Honey, you got here, didn't you? I knowed you'd do it. Here is our little house all fixed up inside. Go in and see how you'll like it."

I went in th' house. It wasn't th' dream-house I'd planned, but it was all right fer me and th' Judge. I says to him: "Judge, don't you think I'll make you a good wife?"

He says: "I know that, darlin'. You don't even haf to ast me that. You are goin' to be my wife, too. I'm not gettin' you up here jist fer a good time. I'm gettin' you up here to put th' question to you about how we are goin' to manage this thing. We've got to get married."

I says: "I don't know, Judge. You're the Law. You ought to know more about it than I do, Honey. I'll take your advice any old time."

I jist left my mules out by th' house hitched to a sycamore. They's glad to stand and rest. I went to rollin' up my sleeves and

gettin' dinner fer th' Judge. Jist to have 'im beside me smokin' them big sweet-smellin' cigars! A man with his high place in life and him so young. I says: "Honey, how did you get to be Judge and you so young?"

He says: "W'y I never went to college. I studied at home at night when th' other boys were runnin' and kickin' up their heels. Now their heels is in my hands. I've got my reward fer all my hard work. I'm a self-made man. I've worked fer what I've got. You got to work fer all you get in this old world. And I'm right now workin' on how to get you fer my wife so we'll be seen respectfully by th' eyes of th' Law."

When I put dinner on th' table you ought to a-seen th' way th' Judge et. He'd say: "W'y these are th' best biscuits I ever tasted. Jist melt in your mouth. You are sure a good cook. And this coffee . . . ah, it is wonderful! I love it."

I says: "Honey, I love to cook fer you. I'd get up at any time durin' th' night and make you a biler o' black coffee. I'd make you good biscuits and cook you ham fer breakfast and fry you eggs. I'd jist love to do it and to keep th' house fer you."

Atter dinner I cleaned th' dishes and swept th' floor. Th' Judge set

by th' table and smoked his cigars. Th' room was filled with smoke. I was so happy. I'd never been so happy in my life. I kept watchin' people out around th' swimmin' hole stare in at us. I saw a lot of people who traded at our store. It didn't matter to me if they all saw us. Who were they? They'd be glad to be in my shoes! Th' wimmen out there in that crowd would trade their husbands in a minute fer a man good-lookin' as th' Judge. He was the dream-man o' many wimmen.

Th' people out there a-starin' in at us was th' old Gulleets, Seymores, Blazes, and Thombs! Jist a whole crowd of 'em! It was no skin off'n their shanks because I was with th' Judge. Girls out there tryin' to peep in our little house. I jist politely closed th' door!

Atter I got th' dishes washed and wiped and th' floor cleaned w'y I went over and set down on th' Judge's lap. He was through smokin' now. He put his arms around me and kissed me. I tell you it was Heaven to me. I was never so thrilled in all my life. I says to th' Judge: "Judge, I've never knowed what love was before. I've jist heard about it! This is my first True Love, though I've been married to Dave fer fifteen years."

Th' Judge jist smiled. He run his middle finger and his index finger down across my nose. He helt his thumb betwixt these fingers. Then he says: "Look, I got your nose!" Jist as playful as a kitten. I was there all cuddled in his arms like a cat in th' egg-basket.

I says: "You leave my nose alone, Darlin'."

He jist kissed my face and kissed it.

I says: "Judge, this is th' real love. Young people are too silly to love. Love comes in the thirties . . . th' real love! I've never knowed love before. I jist knowed what they called 'puppy-love'. Judge, don't you think Love comes with th' thirties?"

"I do," says th' Judge, and he kissed me again and again.

Jist to think, a week ago th' Judge was in the courthouse sendin' moonshiners to th' pen. Now I was in his arms. He was woolin' me like a kitten.

Th' Judge tickled me under th' chin and told me th' awfulest thing about a woman dyin' and her picture comin' out on her tombstone attter five years because her husband married again. I says to th' Judge: "Sugar, if I was to die and some other woman was to get you, my likeness would come out on my tombstone, too."

Th' Judge tickled my chin again. He kissed me and said: "Little Bo-Peep . . . lost her sheep. . . ."

He didn't get to say any more. There was th' awfullest rap on our door. It flung open, and there stood Dave.

"I've caught you this time!" he yells. "Oh, so happy, huh! Guessed you come out here to see that scoundrel. Bring 'im out'n there. I want to see th' color of his liver!"

Dave pulled a long blue-gun. I screamed: "Oh, Dave you can't do that!"

"Never mind," says th' Judge, "He's not goin' to do anything. He knows he'll hang before to-morrow night if he does! Oh yes. Davy, my boy, jist go on and shoot me! Remember, I'm in love with your wife — I'm going to marry 'er!"

"You . . ." says Dave. His eyes got as big with surprise as goose-eggs. Dave must a-thought I was jist out with the Judge. When he found out I was goin' to marry 'im it was somethin' different.

"You know, Dave, Bertha don't love you — she loves me! And I love her. Now I get your wife and you take mine if you want her. Polly'll make you a good wife. If you don't do this, I'll send you to the pen! You know I can do it. How long have you been peddlin'

that moonshine whisky out in grub-baskets? How many baskets o' your grub have I had? When you go to th' pen, Bertha can get a divorce then. The Law will jist give 'er one. I'll get 'er any way! Now you listen to reason Dave, don't be foolish. Put that damned old gun up. I've seen so many I'm tired o' lookin' at 'em."

"You want my wife, do you, Judge?"

"Yes, I want your Bertha," says th' Judge.

"You got everything else you want. I guess you'll get 'er. You got me. I feel like blowin' both th' tops of your heads off. If it warn't fer wastin' two shells I'd do it. I'd blow your livers into eternity."

I was scared to death. Little Dave lookin' in at th' door. He was shakin' like a leaf in the wind with that big gun in his hand. His eyes sparkled fire like a cat's eyes atter dark. Th' Judge standin' by th' table in our little room jist as brave as a lion lookin' right at his gun. His face was flushed so red it looked like th' blood would pop out any minute. It made me love 'im more. Two men standin' face-to-face, and a gun ready is enough to scare a woman! I didn't mind. I was ready to die with th' Judge.

"Get 'em damned old mules and express-wagon," says th' Judge,

"and get back to your store where you belong! Go tell my wife if you want to. It will jist save me from doin' it."

Dave says: "I'll hafe to let you have 'er, Judge. I'd ruther you'd take 'er and me know about it as to have you slippin' around like this. I don't want this goin' on under my nose. I ain't goin' to have it!"

Th' Judge says: "Nothin's goin' on under your nose ner behind your back that wouldn't go on before that face o' yours."

"You can have 'er," says Dave. Poor little old Dave, I felt sorry fer 'im. He put the gun in its holster. He went out and unhitched th' mules. He got in th' express-wagon and driv off. One of the Gullets rid his horse back. I knowed they was th' ones that went back and told Dave I was here with th' Judge. They don't belong to th' Judge's Party. They fit 'im in all th' elections. If th' Judge has th' chance he'll make it go hard with th' Gullets! I was glad Dave was gone.

"Well, what are we goin' to do now," I says to th' Judge. "We are into it to our necks. This will be told all over Lantern County. Dave will go tell Polly. She'll start suin' fer a divorce on grounds o' neglect or desertion. Are we goin' to stay

in our little dream-house, Honey?"

"That's jist what we are goin' to do, Honey, until Court starts. Then I must go back to town. I've got a lot of gun-totin' charges, shot-gun weddin' cases, and a lot of moonshine whisky charges. I'm in love fer th' first time in my life and haf to work. Wish all my life was a honeymoon here with you, Honey! Jist out here on Shelf's Fork where we can hear th' whippoorwills and th' frogs."

And then the Judge jist naturally put his arms round me again.

III

We jist lived in our dream-house. It was little, but we made out. Soon I saw Polly th' first time. She was with Dave. They were runnin' around together. It was causin' a lot of talk. No wonder th' Judge warn't satisfied with Polly. W'y Polly couldn't a-driv th' mules to town with the express-wagon loaded with eggs. She's like a piece of glass ready to break. I says to th' Judge: "Honey, I may not have enough education to be your wife and be respectable-talkin' among th' other wimmen, but I'll make you a better wife than her. Men do look at me twice yet when I pass 'em."

Th' Judge says: "Polly's in love

with Dave. She jist suits him. With th' education she's got, she can be a lot of help to Dave in th' store. It'll work out a trade yet. I won't haf to send Dave to th' pen."

I felt sorry for Dave. Dave thought he loved me. But I heard about 'im first goin' once a week to see Polly. Then I heard he went twice a week to see her. Then Carrie Gullet told me he was goin' every night to see her. The Gullets know everything. Jist ast a Gullet and you get the news.

I lived in the camp-house with th' Judge waitin' fer 'im to get possession of his own house. Th' Judge says: "I'll get possession real soon, Honey. Jist be patient."

I says: "That don't worry me a bit, Honey! I could live in a hog-pen with you and be happy. I couldn't live in a mansion with Dave. It would kill me. I lost fifteen years o' my life livin' with the wrong man."

Th' Judge says: "I had the wrong woman, too. I was livin' with th' wrong woman fer seventeen years."

August passed by. Th' fall-time come and th' leaves turned brown. Th' Judge would go out and bring in big loads o' birds and rabbits.

Th' Judge is a big hunter. I tell you life was Heaven to me in th' little camp-house by th' swimmin' hole on Shelf's Fork. We jist kept waitin' fer possessions and fer Polly and Dave to marry.

It warn't a bit o' trouble in th' world. It jist worked out wonderful. Of course a lot of th' wimmen started talkin' around. That's to be expected. They stuck their long necks over th's yard-palin's and gossiped about us. We's the talk o' Lantern County fer a year. Then it all died down, jist like a fire atter it burns th' wood. Th' Judge went right on with his work.

You see, th' Judge presided when I got my divorce from Dave. He presided when he got his own divorce, too. We jist wanted our divorces, and we got 'em. Nobody objected to it. We all knowed what we wanted. We got it. Th' Judge and I jumped th' broom th' next day. I was dressed fit to kill.

Three days later Polly and Dave got hitched. Didn't have th' decency to wait a respectable time at all. Well, I hope Dave is as happy with her as I am with th' Judge, but I jist don't see how he ever can be.

THE OTHER SIDE

This department presents the views of some of those who most sharply disagree with THE MERCURY's editorial policy.

THE FUTURE OF NAZI GERMANY

By JOHN STRACHEY

PEOPLE are very slowly beginning to realize that an undecided question of fact underlies all our thinking and feeling about the present situation of the world; that until we have made up our minds on this question of fact, we cannot form an intelligent opinion on the main issues of the day, such as whether the Munich Pact was right or wrong.

The undecided question is simply this: what is the nature of a fascist economic system, such as that which has been set up in Nazi Germany? Is or is not the contemporary German (and Italian) economic system of such a kind that it necessitates, as the condition of its very existence, a continuous process of expansion upon the rest of the world? Until we can form an opinion as to whether the economy which the Nazis have set up must continue indefinitely

with the process of acquiring markets, fields of investment, and new supplies of labor and raw material, upon which it has visibly embarked, we shall not be able to take a rational view, even, upon the question of whether "the policy of appeasement" is correct or not. For example, I, who have been and am, a very strong opponent of a policy of appeasement would be the first to agree that that policy would have had a very great deal to be said for it if the Nazi economy were of such a kind that it had no inherent need to conquer a world empire. If, as Mr. Chamberlain, I daresay, supposes — or at any rate, tries to suppose — the present series of Nazi conquests in Europe (and, for that matter, Italian conquests in Africa and Japanese conquests in Asia) were an incidental, fortuitous thing which might be expected to come to an

end at any moment—at the moment when, for example, the desire of these states for prestige had been satisfied—if the Nazi economy could, if its directors so desired, function as a stable, self-perpetuating unit, then undoubtedly there would have been a great deal to be said for attempting to “appease” the fascist states by allowing them to achieve a few relatively minor prestige-conquests.

Equally, however, I do not understand how any British or American citizen, however strongly he or she may sympathize with the social or racial doctrines of the Nazis, can possibly support the policy of appeasement if he takes the view, which I am convinced is correct, that the Nazi economy is of such a kind that it can only exist by means of an uninterrupted process of expansion, undertaken at the expense of its neighbors. For if that is the case, then the policy of appeasement, while yielding assets to the Nazis which make them incomparably more able to destroy their neighbors, will and can do nothing whatever to avert the inevitability of such an attack.

In the space of an article such as this I can do no more than point out the main features of the Nazi economy; features which, rightly or wrongly, leave me in no doubt

that the Nazi economy can only exist by means of a continuous process of expansion.

The best statistical opinion seems to be that the real wages of the German workers, including white-collar workers, averaged last Summer a sum which had, as nearly as could be reckoned, a purchasing power equivalent to a wage of thirty shillings per week in Britain.¹ Now British wages average about fifty-five shillings per week, or getting on for double the German level. As is well known, even after paying wages on this scale the British employers make very considerable profits. Nor is this because they are more efficient than the German employers. On the contrary, I think most observers would maintain that the German productive system as a whole was at least as efficient as is the British. The point of this comparison is to throw some light on the size of the surplus which must be accruing to somebody from the labor of the German nation. It is always simpler and better to look at these questions, first of all at any

¹One must think of this as equivalent to more than seven dollars a week, since the American cost of living is appreciably above the British. The American equivalent to the German wage could no doubt be worked out, and would probably be in the neighborhood of ten dollars a week.

rate, in terms of real things, without the complicating factor of money. If we do this, we cannot doubt that their average wages of thirty shillings, or say ten dollars, a week, enable the German workers to buy and consume but a small part of the very large volume of wealth which they are producing. To put the same point in terms of labor, only a small proportion of the working population of Germany is needed for the production of the supplies, food, clothing, amusement, transport, etc., etc., which can be consumed by a population whose average wage stands at about ten dollars a week. The obvious question to ask is, what is the rest of the population so busily engaged in producing? And this is the same question, it is important to notice, as the question of what the very large surplus being thrown off by the German productive process consists in, and to whom does it accrue?

However we phrase it, to answer this question successfully it is useful to notice the answers which have been given to it in the economies with which we are more familiar, such as those of Britain and America (insofar as the American economy is unmodified by the New Deal). The surplus, very considerable in size

though not nearly so large as that of Germany, which emerges from the British and American economies—the difference, that is to say, between what the British and American populations produce and what they consume—flows, as we all know, to the various sections of the British and American capitalist classes. But of course it does not stay there. A relatively minor part of it is spent by those classes for their own personal, more-or-less-luxury, needs. A major part of this surplus is, as we say, re-invested by these classes. It is spent, that is, not on consumers goods at all, but on building new factories, sinking new mines, and producing capital goods in general. The British and American capitalist classes spend or invest their money in this way because they expect to derive further profit, or surpluses, from the operation of these new capital goods when they have been produced. This means, to look at the thing in terms of labor again, that the proportion of the working population of Britain and America which is not employed in producing the supply of consumers goods which it and its employers consume is employed in producing new capital goods, upon the purchase of which the capitalist class expends, or rather “in-

vests", its surpluses. The point I am making is merely the simple and familiar one that the ultimate destination to which the bulk of the surplus thrown off by the economies in which we live is devoted to the production of new capital goods; that the production of these new capital goods is undertaken in the expectation that their operation, when they have been constructed, will yield a profit or further surplus.

Now without raising any theoretical arguments we all know that there is a snag in this process. Periods arise in which the holders of the surplus find it no longer possible—or at any rate, attractive—to spend their surplus on new capital goods. I myself am convinced that this is because of the falling tendency of the rates of profit which may be expected to arise from the operation of each succeeding supply of capital goods. I am convinced that this tendency is, in turn, but an expression of the fact that the only ultimate purpose or possibility of profitable operation for the ever-increasing supply of capital goods is to produce consumers goods for the mass of the population. But to do this involves raising the proportion of the community's productive effort which would go to the population, and

correspondingly lowering still further the proportion, or surplus, which goes to the various sections of the capitalist class. And this the capitalist class seems unwilling to allow. (If the capitalists would allow this—if the capitalist class of either Britain or America, for instance, would tolerate slowly but steadily falling rates of rent, interest and profit, without diminishing the volume of their investment spending—the capitalist system would work for a long time yet. But apparently they will not.)

In any case, however, whether you accept or wholly deny the above view the fact unquestionably remains that a snag has arisen in the normal process of the re-investment of the great surpluses which accrue through the labors of such populations as those of Britain and America. Our whole problem of slump and unemployment is the consequence of that snag.

Now the question which I am about to raise is this: how do the Nazis, who have arranged the German economy so that it is unquestionably producing a much bigger surplus, solve this problem, as solve it they apparently have? How do they dispose of their bigger surplus, when we cannot for the life of us find a destination for our smaller surplus? How—this

I repeat is the same question put in other terms—how do they keep the whole of their labor force working ten hours a day when we cannot keep ours working eight? Where has their surplus gone?

Well, as everybody knows, it has gone into armaments. It is true that one must use the word armaments in a wide sense. The German government has employed the millions of German workers who are not needed for the production of the meager supplies of consumers goods, which the German people can buy with their average wages of ten dollars a week, onto building, not merely guns and tanks and aeroplanes, but also semi-military roads, to re-planning the whole center of Berlin, to erecting vast offices and headquarters of the Nazi party, and so on. Perhaps the best description would be to say that the vast surplus has been devoted to public works of the armaments type.

Is this a solution to the problem? Can we conceive of the German economy continuing in perpetuity to devote the whole of the gigantic surplus which it is throwing off to the production of armaments? There is no technical reason why it should not do so. As soon as one set of guns, tanks, aeroplanes, battleships have been built they could

be scrapped as out of date, and another bigger and better set substituted for them. Yet I submit that nothing is more certain than that the German economy will not continue on its present basis, devoting the whole of its surplus to armament building. It will not do so for the simple reason that it is in the interests of no section of the German population that it should. Building armaments is expenditure, not investment. Armaments are wholly unproductive things. You cannot make one gun with another gun.

Hence I suggest that the German employing classes, into whose hands the surplus flows in the first instance, will be no more willing to continue forever their present process of devoting their entire surplus to armament building than are, for instance, the American capitalist class to see even a part of their surplus devoted to public works building, through the WPA. Nor is it an attractive prospect for the German masses; they would be kept fully employed, it is true, but on a wage of ten dollars a week, for a fifty-five hour week, in order endlessly to build and scrap, build and scrap, an ever more gigantic supply of armaments which were never used. Hence, in spite of its complete eco-

conomic feasibility, we must rule out building armaments forever as a permanent solution. The German employing class is, I am convinced, determined to find a profitable destination for the surplus which it is now extracting, on an unparalleled scale, from the German working class. It is determined to find a field of investment rather than a field of expenditure. It is determined to reach a position in which it can use the profits which accrue to it from the operation of, say, a steel-works, and which it has, for the moment, to lend to the government to make armaments with, for building another steel-works which will in turn yield it a further surplus.

Now — and this is the whole point — that new steel-works cannot be built within Germany. There are too many steel-works there already, and too many of the other means of production, too. It has got to be built in the Balkans, in Asia Minor, in Brazil, in China, or in Africa — in one or other of the relatively undeveloped parts of the world. And in order to do that, these parts of the world have got to be, directly or indirectly, conquered by Germany. In a word, the present plan of unparalleled rearmament which has made Nazi Germany look, for the moment, as

if it had a fundamentally different type of economy to that of any other capitalist state, is merely a brief preparatory stage necessary to the launching of the German economy down the familiar imperialist road.

There is a third possible alternative which must be considered. The Nazi economy could solve its problem of the disposal of its surplus neither by expending it on armaments, as at present, nor by conquering fields of investment for it, but simply by refraining from making it. The standard of life of the German people could be allowed to rise. Their wages could be lifted progressively from an average of say \$10 to \$15, \$20, \$25, \$30 a week. This increase in buying power would absorb a proportionately greater supply of consumers goods. Millions of workers now engaged in building armaments, and to be engaged, if the imperialist path is followed, in exporting rolling mills to Sofia or Rio de Janeiro, could be put onto making more consumers goods for their own and their friends' consumption. But to do this would mean directly and deliberately decreasing the share of the German employing classes in the national product. It would amount to their toleration of ever-declining rates of

rent, interest, and profit. This, as I agreed above, would make capitalism workable for a long time yet; but no capitalist class has hitherto been willing to contemplate such a course. This is, broadly, what the New Deal is attempting to do, more or less successfully, and with more or less clarity of purpose, in America. Even in America, in a democratic society in which strong progressive forces exist, it is proving difficult to the point of impossibility to move along this line. Can anyone believe that this course is possible for Nazi Germany, in which all the progressive forces—all the forces, such as the trade unions, co-operative societies, and the working-class political parties—which from their very nature can even attempt to take the economy along this line, have been destroyed? To expect a Nazi regime to develop along these lines is to expect it to turn itself inside out. For these reasons, we must rule out this third alternative as every bit as fantastic as the possibility of making armaments forever. We are left with the second alternative; the alternative of imperialist expansion as the one practicable solution open to the Nazi regime.

These are the considerations which have driven me to the conclusion that the Nazi economy is

of such character that it cannot exist except by an ever-continuing process of expansion and conquest. I repeat that if I did not take this view—that if I could see any possibility, even, of the Nazi economy finding a method by which it could exist as a stable and self-perpetuating entity, freed from the necessity of attempting to conquer its neighbors—I would be in agreement with the policy of appeasement. I submit, however, that it is for the supporters of the Munich Pact, and of Mr. Chamberlain's general policy, to explain to us how and why they can believe that the Nazi regime is not launched on a career of unremitting conquest. And let them not forget the peril to which a policy of appeasement is subjecting the British, American, and every other non-German nation. If it should turn out that the Nazi economy is of such a kind that the process of conquest must go on uninterruptedly, then Munich and the policy of appeasement have for the first time put into the hands of the Nazi leaders the ability seriously to threaten the British and, at a later stage, American peoples. To have given this power to the Nazi government is a heavy responsibility which, I am bound to say, I am glad that I do not bear.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

College Is No Place to Get an Education

THE word has gone out lately that in one of our great educational institutions the students are dissatisfied with their instructors. In principle there is nothing new about this, for it is an immemorial privilege of students everywhere to carry on a sort of Fabian warfare against the authorities. In this particular instance, however, there are some unusual circumstances which make it interesting. The students are not in a mood of juvenile rebellion; quite the contrary, their mood is one of simple criticism rather than complaint, and quite respectably mature criticism, at that. Nor, as I understand it, are they dissatisfied with the formal instruction they get, or with their official treatment in the lecture-room. They say only that while their instructors may be very well up on their subjects and may be capable of teaching those subjects effectively enough in the way of technical routine, they are not men of all-round high culture or even of first-rate intelligence, and that when the institution is picking its in-

structors it ought to do better.

It seems that some time ago this institution, like most of our colleges and universities, became infected with the Elk-Rotarian notion that students should have closer social contact with the master-minds on the faculty, and it made arrangements accordingly. We all remember how this idea swept the country, and the preposterous length to which it was carried. It reached its perfect expression in an instructor who was utterly devoid of natural dignity and capable of any amount of meretricious hobnobbing with his students, both in hours and out of hours; capable, in short, of thoroughly vulgarizing his status. It reached no such length in the institution I refer to. The students there were made to understand, however, that informal association with the great minds on the faculty was an important factor in their education, and that the way to it lay open; so wide open, indeed, that it could hardly be avoided without effort — and now

those who accepted this situation are saying in all frankness that the great minds are simply not there, and that association with such minds as are there is pretty much their idea of wasted time.

This raises at once the question, if social contact with first-class men is so important, why do not our institutions scratch up more first-class men to bring into contact with their students? If it be said that they cannot be got, which is clearly true, this only leads to the further question why this should be so. There is no doubt about the fact. Shaw's bitter jest, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach", has only this much of truth in it, that while the profession has now more capable routineers than ever before, more trained reporters, more facile expositors, its great men are few indeed. It has plenty of economists as literate as Sumner, for instance, but no one I know of who could come anywhere near filling Sumner's bill as an all-round source of inspiration to young men. It has as good grammarians as Gildersleeve, Warren, Lane, Humphreys, but their total effect upon the juvenile intellect, imagination, and character is not at all the same. It has plenty of men as well up on English literature as Beers, Child, Gummere,

but when one has said that, there is nothing more to say. For some reason, men of that quality seem no longer to be attracted into the profession of teaching; and yet, if "social contact with one's instructors" is so valuable, it is such men and no others who give it all the value it has. The attitude of the students at the institution I speak of seems to prove this conclusively. What then has happened which makes it difficult for our institutions any longer to get the type of instructor which admittedly is most desirable for the purpose contemplated?

I think that unofficially they would be glad to get them, but what they can do about it officially is another matter. In the old days before education was organized on trade-unionist lines, Harvard gave professorships to Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Norton, and Henry Adams at a time when they were not much more than promising young men. I doubt that Harvard feels able to take a chance like that now. They were all fairly good in their lines, no better than many of our modern specialists—not nearly so good, in fact—but they were wonderful men to have around. As a demonstrator of anatomy, Oliver Wendell Holmes did well enough, nothing to brag

about; but he was a highly civilized man, and any kind of "contact" with Holmes, whether social or official, was most infectious. Harvard knew that this was so, and therefore kept him on. As I said, I believed that unofficially Harvard would be glad enough to take him on now, or to take on Norton, Longfellow, Lowell, Adams. The trouble is that not one of these men could qualify by present-day trade-union requirements. None of them carried the union-card of a Ph.D., and as for having taken courses in pedagogy, the psychology of adolescence, and all that sort of thing, not one of them would even know what those are. Harvard today might risk getting into trouble with the union by taking on conspicuous scabs like Holmes and Lowell—I don't know—but I think it is highly improbable.

Our institutions are right enough in their idea that "social contact" has educational value. It is a sort of blind, fumbling recognition of the fact that education is largely a matter of simple contagion. Abraham Flexner once put it very well to me that "if you want to catch measles, you must go where measles is; if you do, you'll catch it—no need to do anything more about that, you'll catch it—but if you don't,

you'll never catch it". The old and sound type of university was based on this principle; the modern type has departed from it, and is now trying to get the same results by a purely mechanized process, which cannot be done. You can't assemble a group of first-class, well-trained, highly-specialized instructors, all union members in good standing but not a case of measles in the lot, and get results by exposing your students to them socially or officially or in any way. It is not a matter of mechanics. No ingenious grouping of new-style buildings or devising of new-style "systems" will do the trick. There must be measles somewhere around, or the thing will be a failure—worse than a failure, indeed, for all you will get is a meretricious back-slapping, hail-fellow kind of familiarity which encourages a student to address his instructor by his first name and call him a good old scout.

This is what the students in the institution I spoke of seem to perceive, and it is all to their credit that they resent it as senseless and objectionable. I greatly doubt that an old-time student at Harvard would have regarded the privilege of slapping Longfellow's back and calling him Hank as conducive to an education or as likely to stimu-

late the desire to become a civilized man; and apparently these students hold similar views.

II

One reason, then, why the profession is short of the type of instructor which is most desirable from the serious student's point of view is that our institutions must perforce think twice about employing non-union men; and by that I mean men who are not only scabs in fact, but are thoroughgoing scabs at heart, utterly unwilling ever to submit their ideas, opinions, methods, or liberties to the judgment of a trade-unionist court-martial. Another reason is that such men naturally fight shy of a profession dominated by the trade-unionist spirit. They could not work well or feel at home in a situation where they would be meeting that spirit's exactions, pretensions, jealousies, slights, and detractions at every tack and turn. They would have the continual sense of frustration and embarrassment which Henry Ford might feel if he were sitting in on the directorate of the CIO. I know four men, still young, highly accomplished, who are everything a student should want. They were university-instructors for a year or

two, most successfully as far as their students were concerned, and then gave it up. For curiosity I asked them how they would feel about going back to it again. One said he would beg first, go on Relief, or even starve. Another said that of course if it were a matter of getting bread for his wife and children, he would go in for white slavery, burglary, or anything; but nothing short of that could possibly get him back into institutional life as it is now organized.

A third reason is that our present system throws the burden of education on the instructor, whereas formerly it was on the student. Fully 90 per cent of our whole student-population, above the primary grades, are ineducable; they are mostly capable of some kind of *training*, capable of being made ready for some more or less useful pursuit, but they are wholly incapable of *education* in any proper sense of the word. Nevertheless, there they are, cluttering up our institutions in prodigious numbers; and an instructor, instead of shoveling them out to seek a proper training for some pursuit that is within their competence, is obliged to go through the motions of doing something for them which cannot be done; that is, to educate them. He is supposed to

"interest his students", and it is held against him if he does not "present his subject in an interesting way"; which in practice means that he does the student's work for him. Formerly it was distinctly up to the student to furnish whatever interest was needed, and if he did not furnish enough to keep himself going, he heard about it from the authorities.

Another discouragement which tends to keep first-class men out of teaching is that education is no longer officially regarded as an end in itself. Vocationalism has run to such riotous excess throughout our system that our institutions beyond the eighth grade are virtually training-schools, with education, if any, strictly on the side. Americans and Englishmen have the naïve idea that by changing the name of a thing you can change its character. Training will become education if only you keep on calling it education long enough and earnestly enough. Call a training-school a college or university, and it will become one. Train a youth in journalism, poultry-raising, plumbing, commercial art, electrical engineering, the practice of law or dentistry, give him an academic degree, insist that he is an educated man, and he will be an educated man. These debaucheries of vocational-

ism have been so effective that if a man shows signs of an education, properly so called, Americans instinctively assume, first, that he got it in Europe, and, second, that he is in some way making money out of it.

Our university students have the bleakest prospect of all, so far as education is concerned, because vocationalism has caused our universities to degenerate into *teaching-institutions*, which they should not be—institutions with stated courses leading to advanced degrees employable for vocational purposes. Thus their faculties are not primarily an assemblage of scholars who have no responsibility whatever for students, but an array of pedagogues whose first business is to put students through a series of stated jumps. I know of but one institution in the country, a new one and fortunately a rich one, which seems to be organized pretty much on the plan of the medieval university. It does no teaching, confers no degrees, and undertakes no responsibility for students. If a young man wishes to go there and hang around for the sake of picking up what he can, they are probably willing he should; they do not encourage him particularly, nor yet do they discourage him. On such terms pre-

cisely did young men go into a huddle around Peter Abélard, and stand Bernard of Clairvaux up on the carpet while they proceeded to pitch eager questions into him on one or another point of scholastic philosophy.

Mark Hopkins sitting on one end of a log and a student on the other is still the only sound formula for education; but you have to have a genuine Hopkins and a genuine student. If you have these, it does not much matter what kind of log they sit on. In other words, the organization and mechanical apparatus of education, which we have made so impressive, actually count for very little. As John Erskine has so well said, we found that we could not organize Hopkins or organize the student, so for fifty years we have spent all our energy on organizing the log, with most unsatisfactory results. One inquiry and investigation after another has considered our system, and reported unfavorably. New York State spent half a million dollars on a three years' study of its system by a commission including thirty men of national reputation and seven college presidents; and the report made public on the day I write this shows that while New York's system is as good as any in the country, or even better, it is for

all essential purposes virtually a total failure. It is a failure for the same reason that the American educational system is everywhere a failure; it fails because it is condemned to the fantastically impossible task of making silk purses out of sows' ears. The commission did not report this fact, probably because it is fundamental, insuperable, and unpleasant. All similar investigations have blinked it, no doubt for the same reason; but the naïve policy of the ostrich will not alter facts, and this is the primary fact of the situation.

Our system will never work one whit better than it is working now until we fairly and squarely face the fact that *90 per cent of our children are ineducable*, and that the time, energy, and resources spent on trying to educate them are viciously wasted. Not until this fact is faced will we be able to draw a clear, permanent line between education and training. Then, and not until then, will our training-schools become avowedly what they are, not pretending to do anything whatever with education beyond the old-fashioned three Rs. They will give up the absurd affectation of an academic character, and desist from the atrocious blasphemy of conferring academic degrees. Then, too, and not until

then, will our colleges and universities become true and proper educational institutions instead of the preposterous hotch-potch which vocationalism and trade-unionism have made of them; and eligible students will seek them out as such. Students will not frequent them for fun, fashion, or football, or be sent there to get them out from underfoot at home, to put off the evil day when they must go to work, to make profitable social contacts, or to be somehow helped to a job; they will go there for the one purpose of educating themselves, and the pukka student may pretty well assure himself of finding a pukka Hopkins on the other end of the log when he arrives.

Facing the fact of an immense ineducable majority is unpleasant and depressing, but there the fact is, and merely blinking it does not get it out of the way, or lessen its force; nor, which is most important, does it decrease the penalty

imposed by Nature upon the refusal to recognize any vital fact and to shape our procedure in accordance with it. Facing this fact makes havoc of our accepted ideas of democracy and of equality; it plumps us squarely against the further fact that those ideas are false and fantastic and should be revised — must be revised, indeed, if we are ever to get on.

So there the matter stands. If the American people prefer to keep to the ideas of democracy and equality which are the foundation of our educational system, one can only point out that so long as they do so, one generation after another will be sacrificed. If, on the other hand, they choose to sacrifice those ideas and replace them by sound ones upon which they can base a sound educational system, they will be doing the best thing possible for the future of their country, no matter how disagreeable and embarrassing the act of sacrifice may be.



ADVICE TO COLLECTIVISTS

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

If we are to submit absolutely to the level of equality, we had better choose the level of nobility. I like equality that elevates, and not that which lowers mankind.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

PROGRESS of the Higher Learning in the Hookworm Belt as reported by the University of Arkansas *Traveler*:

Playful students at Peabody, the university's high school, have been chastised for spitting upon their practice teachers from upper windows.

CALIFORNIA

SURPRISING candor, as revealed in an advertisement of the Elysian Springs Water Company in the City of the Angels:

There are many cults of drinking water in Los Angeles — "The Best", "The Finest", "Unexcelled", etc., ad infinitum. Elysian Spring Water is the Ultimate. Many of the first families of Los Angeles have been drinking it for a generation and are still alive and thriving. That's something.

GEORGIA

QUAINT Winter practice of rural Southern ladies as sworn to by the *Fulton County Review* of Atlanta:

The women folk would be the first up after the main fire was built. They would dress and then go off to the cold kitchen to get breakfast. When breakfast was ready and the men

folks all settled down to eating, the women would return to the fire and stand with their backs to it and hoist their skirts in the rear. There was an art to that skirt hoisting, and profound satisfaction to the hoisters. We used to marvel at the ease with which the women accomplished the operation and the looks of content the procedure brought to their faces.

IOWA

MEMORIES of Aristotle and Socrates are stirred by news of the gathering of the leading young intellectuals of Des Moines, as heralded by the oracular *Times-Delphic*:

Founders' Day, commemorating the date that Phi Beta Kappa, national honorary scholastic fraternity, was founded, will be Monday. Speaker will be Dale L. Maffitt, general manager of the Des Moines waterworks. His topic will be "Des Moines' Water Supply".

NEW JERSEY

WHILE the New York newspapers print day after day many columns of news about bringing foreign refugees to America or sending millions of American dollars abroad to them, a citizen of our own country speaks his piece in a paid advertisement in the *Pater-son News*:

I am unable to find steady employment because I am an American Citizen (6 generations). A Christian, 26 years of age. A high school graduate. A conscientious and honest workman. Have experiences as driver, clerical worker, typist, mechanic and will work at anything. Anyone willing to overlook these deficiencies kindly communicate with me through Box 278, News.

NEW YORK

WHAT a famous New York columnist does with her time, revealed when Dorothy Dey lets the readers of the learned *Morning Telegraph* in on a momentous secret:

Tens of thousands of women have wondered how Joan Crawford got that warm, wet look on her lips. Your correspondent, after months of research, is in a position to tell all:

Apply your regular colored lipstick. Let it set for a few minutes. Then apply colorless lip wax over the red.

Such a thing to spend months in discovering!

POLITICIANS lead a life apart, according to the sad testimony of Peter J. McGuinness, Register of Kings County, as quoted in the columns of the renowned *Herald Tribune*:

"When I go to a dance or a ball or a dinner, I'm afraid to be introduced to people. I stand in a corner and I am afraid to sit at a table because I fear that I'll meet some one who will sell me out the next day."

OHIO

THE practice of medicine begins to look like a bad gamble for Doc Shafer of Middlefield, according to the Burton *Glauga Leader*:

The stork visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Abe J. Weaver, north of Middlefield village Sunday morning, making his seventeenth visit to the Weavers. The most unusual part of the story is that Abe has an arrangement with the family doctor, H. E. Shafer, whereby \$5 is deducted each time from a sliding scale paid the physician with each new arrival. After two more calls, it will be the doctor's turn to begin paying Abe an additional \$5 for each delivery.

THE distinguished *Ohio State Journal* gravely reports the splendid culmination of thirty-six years labor in the Vineyard:

Rev. Herbert M. Richmond, Baptist preacher of Western, Neb., is a ventriloquist. His two dummies are Patsy O'Brien and Tommy Tucker. Gray-haired and 50, Rev. Richmond has been practicing ventriloquism ever since he was 14. He claims now that he can make the two dummies sing "Sweet Adeline" together.

PENNSYLVANIA

WHAT happens to Irish names after they have passed through The Melting Pot, as reported by the esteemed Aliquippa *Gazette*:

John Ayoob was re-elected president of the Aliquippa *Celtics* here Sunday night. Wallace Zarembo was named

vice-president; John Sanko was retained as secretary-treasurer; Mike Kashiwsky, sergeant-at-arms, and Albert Mowad, house man. Auditors-trustees selected are Edward Pilipovich, Fred Faber, Mike Sanko, and John Marzlak.

The Celtics' frolic on New Year's Eve will be held at Polish hall, with Chester Manesterski's orchestra to provide music.

INTELLECTUAL pastime of the professional ladies of Philadelphia, as reported by the alert *Public Ledger*:

Thirty women doctors, lawyers, teachers, and office workers will compete tonight for the jackstone championship for adults at the Central Branch Y. W. C. A. Play will start with onesies, twosies, threesies.

TENNESSEE

PROFOUND intellectual diversion of an up-and-coming group of Johnston City's leading citizens, as chronicled by the erudite *Press*:

Members of the cast of the Barter Theater presented the program at today's meeting of the Rotary club. Arthur E. Barnett, master of ceremonies, gave clever imitations of a train ride and an automobile starting on a cold morning and read *The Specialist*, written several years ago by the late "Chic" Sale.

THE usually reserved Nashville *Banner* comes right out and describes the money-mad social whirl:

MANY PARTIES ARE GIVEN FOR BRIDES-ELECTS AND FINANCES

WASHINGTON

DR. ROOSEVELT sinks some of the taxpayers' money in Art—to memorialize his own magnificent features, according to an Associated Press dispatch from the up-and-coming hamlet of La Conner:

—Pacific Northwest Indians have paid to their "Great White Father in Washington", President Roosevelt, what to them is an unusual and sacred tribute. They have carved on a new totem pole a bust of the President. It is the Indians' way of showing appreciation for a Federal erection of a series of modern bungalows, a new recreation hall, and an athletic field on the reservation. The buildings and field, obtained through W. P. A. and the Rehabilitation Service, were dedicated yesterday.

The totem pole was carved with W. P. A. funds.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS ENGLAND

TRUE British reverence for the immortals of literature, as displayed in a dispatch to the celebrated *Daily Mirror*:

Opposing a proposal to name new roads in Great Yarmouth after Byron, Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare and Tennyson, Mr. R. F. Kerrison declared at Yarmouth Town Council today: "In my opinion, the moral character of these people is not such that we should name roads after them." He suggested that the roads should be named after present councillors.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Biography of a Skunk

CREE Indians call him *Sikak*; mammalogists label him *Mephitis mephitis*; and his pelt, which this year is enjoying a great vogue among the ladies, is apt to be camouflaged beguilingly as *Alaska Sable* or *Black Marten*. Plainest and commonest name of all, certainly the most richly fraught with disparaging implication, is plain *skunk*.

Seldom, however, do we make any effort to know *Mephitis* better, or to understand him and his skunkly way of life. We are content to believe (as a writer uncharitably alleged three hundred years ago) that this glossy, plume-tailed cousin of the weasels is only an "evil-smelling child of the devil", and a rapacious poultry-thief. It is too bad that we subject little *Sikak* to such unrelenting ostracism, for we miss becoming acquainted with one of the most amiable of all our wood-folk.

It is usually in late April or in May that the baby skunk is ushered into life. He is one of a litter that may contain almost a

dozen, and the place of his birth is most often a vault-chambered burrow in the frozen earth. This root-smelling underground cavity has been patiently lined with dry leaves and matted grasses against the chill of Spring nights. The baby skunk's universe is a warm and pungent darkness, its silence broken only by tiny whimperings and the soft pad-pad of his mother's sharp-clawed paws as she goes and comes on periodic foragings for May-beetles and crickets.

It is necessary that the baby's life should be sequestered in this careful fashion, for newborn *Mephitis* is a helpless mite no larger than a meadow-mouse. His little eyes, which will be black and bright as berries, are sealed tight shut as a kitten's. For two weeks and more he remains unseeing and defenseless. His father retires to a distant earth-tunnel of his own. It is the mother skunk who must lick and pat and smooth his soft new fur, must procure unaided a sufficiency of food to insure that she shall have

an adequate milk supply for her prodigious brood.

The babyhood of little Mephitis is long. When he has reached the age of a month — an age at which wild birds are fully fledged, and the white-footed forest-mice are nearly ready to beget progeny of their own — he still weighs no more than ten or eleven ounces, and has not yet ventured to peep outside his subterranean sanctuary and explore the sunny wonder-world of yarrow-stalks and clover blossoms at his doorway. But already there are clear signs that he is a skunk. The downy black fur of his wedge-shaped little head bears a white stripe running from between his eyes to his nose; and there are white stripes along his sides and in ruff-formation around his neck. His tail has become a fluffy white-tipped plume.

By the seventh or eighth week young Mephitis is at last weaned, is ready now for forays into the Great Outside. Waddling solemnly in his mother's wake as she moves leisurely among the mullein-stems and daisies, he feels no timorousness in the presence of a vast and confusing universe. Partly by that mysterious heritage which we call instinct, partly by the example of his unintimidated parent, his small furry head is

filled with an immediate consciousness that this is a world which holds no terror for him. He stares at it without fright, with a kind of complacent acceptance and blurry affability. The sunlight has a good feel on his thick-furred back, and there are enchanting fragrances adrift on the Spring air. He breathes these sweet uncomprehended smells and is full of relaxed contentment and broad benevolence. As long as he lives, this same mood will pervade his days.

Mephitis learns his hunting readily. It is his good fortune to have an appetite almost uniquely catholic and comprehensive, so that even while his baby-legs are not yet sufficiently strong for digging out ground-squirrels or paw-fishing for crawfish, as his mother does, he can still capture the slow, blind earthworms and fat root-grubs which he enjoys equally well. He begins at once to earn his way. He eats his weight several times a week in grasshoppers, crickets, June bugs, field mice, and potato bugs, all enemies of the farmer. Strawberry-growers like him, for he loves to dig up the white grubs that wreak such havoc. He likes tobacco and tomato worms. He is, in short, the most valuable of all animals as a pest destroyer.

Mephitis is almost full grown now, as large as a house-cat and weighing eight or ten pounds. He measures twenty-eight inches from nose-tip to tail-tip, and of this length fully ten inches is tail, which trails behind him as an undulant feathery plume — a proper and suitable kind of tail for a creature so amiable and imperturbable. For such is the character that Mephitis has developed with maturity. The unalarmed benignance which was his mood when he first issued from his mother's earth-burrow into the daylight has now deepened and settled upon him as his way-of-life forever. His bright black eyes show neither hostility nor terror, but have a kind of unruffleable philosophic calm. The dim awarenesses and half-thoughts in his furry skull are neither of rapine nor of combat, but only of those homely and peaceable things which he most dearly loves — the warmth of an earth-tunnel when the night is cool, the smell and taste of nibbled meadow-grass.

His contentment is not even marred by that urge toward personal independence which so often makes young animals and young human beings fretfully eager to separate from their parents. With his mother and the whole full-grown brood he continues to in-

habit the earth-burrow where he was born, and the whole family still goes on periodic hunting trips together. On these occasions they all proceed, by some curious ancient understanding, in single file. Sometimes, too, they play. Even professional field naturalists have rarely witnessed this play-time of the skunks.

It is usually in the early dusk that the little company foregathers for the game. Five or six or even more of them range themselves in a circle, noses pointed toward its center, and there ensues a kind of ceremonial dance. In unison the plume-tailed players advance by stiff-legged hops until their noses touch, and after a moment they retreat with the same prancing gait to the periphery of the circle. As many as a dozen times they act out this grave and grotesque ritual, each move as unvarying and precise as clockwork. Then quite suddenly the little gathering disperses, and Mephitis with refreshed spirit sets forth in the deepening darkness on his unhurried nightly quest of bugs and salamanders.

There comes a time, of course, when Mephitis must undergo the experience from which no creature of earth is exempt: he must meet an enemy. The number of

these is not large (unless the human race be counted), but the great horned owl and certain hawks sometimes have designs on him, and he may occasionally be hunted by a hunger-driven lynx. The commonest of all his foes is the domestic dog.

II

The moment when Mephitis, lumbering placidly along a country lane, is confronted for the first time by a hostile farmhouse mongrel, is the moment when he achieves the full expression of his skunkhood. It is now that he follows, at the bidding of a slumbering instinct suddenly awakened, the immemorial behavior-pattern of all skunks since the beginning of time, and is initiated into the use of the two muscular glands that lie beneath the root of his plummy tail. Long ago, when he was a tiny fellow still in his birth-nest and scarcely larger than a mole, he used sometimes to contract his small body in curious little spasms, unaware that this was Nature's fashion of training and strengthening the sphincter-muscles which must one day function with perfectly controlled precision.

Tranquilly now, with neither fear nor malice, he eyes that ob-

structive mongrel in his path. So great is his reluctance to mar the peaceful tenor of his evening that he stands for a moment quite still, hopeful that the din of barking will presently subside and the barker take his leave. Instead the dog advances in a growling rush, confident of intimidating this small and clumsy adversary. It is a serious error to have made. Very slowly Mephitis lowers his furry striped head, delicately arches his back, and with grave earnestness thumps his forefeet on the ground. It is not a loud or terrifying sound, this little pattering staccato, but it is the traditional skunk-way of uttering a warning. The wild wood-folk understand it perfectly, and respond to it as quickly as to a rattler's whirr, but the dog does not. He is far removed from his wolf ancestors and his woods-lore has grown rusty. He sees Mephitis' gesture as only a silly antic, a symptom of nervous fear, and he growls with greater menace and makes another charge.

Not yet does Mephitis respond to the war-challenge. There is a prescribed skunk-ritual for such times as this, and Mephitis undertakes to follow its pattern scrupulously. Standing stock still, he stares straight before him with unwinking eyes, and very slowly

he shakes his head from side to side. It is an odd gesture — a fanciful naturalist might almost read it as a rueful one. It is Part Two of the three-part warning.

Still the uncomprehending dog gives no heed, and the time has come for the third and final caution. Gracefully Mephitis lifts his broad plumed tail. He raises it straight over his striped back, and the drooping white tip is gradually erected. Only for an instant longer does he hesitate, then abruptly wheels and presents his rear to the dog. His strong little back arches in a sudden convulsive movement. A thin jet of liquid glimmers phosphorescently in the Summer dusk.

As far as a rod from where Mephitis stands, the trees and grass are spattered by a burning spray. An acrid choking odor, ammoniac and penetrating, saturates earth and leaves, and drifts on the air for hundreds of yards around. Chipmunks scurry deeper in their crannies in the old stone walls to escape the suffocating fumes, the woods-mice scamper in panic, and a hundred furred and winged night wanderers flee blindly from the deadly musk. From far away there reach Mephitis' listening ears the agonized yelpings of a running dog, who never again is likely to

trifle with a skunk. His hide has been drenched by the sulphide that scientists call *mercaptan*, and the fiery spray has entered his eyes and been inhaled into his lungs. For a day or two, at least, he will be totally blind. For it is not merely a stench which Mephitis creates. His spray is a poisonous acid. It burns. There are tales of Indians who have lost their eyesight from too close a blast. Men have fainted from these noxious fumes. It is Nature's prototype of mustard gas.

Such is the way of Mephitis when reluctantly he is forced to warfare. But such encounters are rare, and mostly he waddles abroad in the evening coolness, learning how to pinion the little green grass-snakes with his heavy flat-soled paws, and how to claw the loose rubble in search of worms, and becoming adept in catching bees and wasps. He routs them out, as a bear does, by prodigious scratchings, and then as they swarm angrily around his furry head he beats them to earth with his strong forefeet. They often sting him on the inside of his mouth and lips and gullet, but Mephitis does not feel the stings at all. He is totally immune.

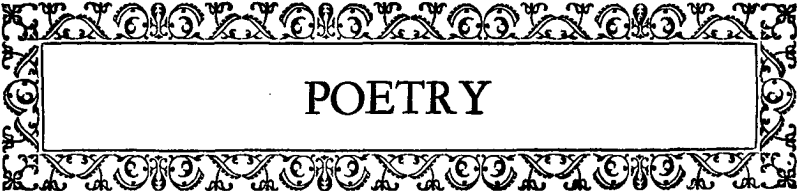
All through the Autumn, Mephitis continues his nocturnal prowlings, investigating the dried

shocks of corn in farmers' fields and nibbling at frozen turnips and pumpkins. Sometimes on frosty moonless nights an individual skunk will raid a poultry yard, but such individuals are as rare among skunks as drug addicts among men. As Autumn emerges into Winter, and the first snows come sifting down through the leafless trees, he hunts and eats with mounting ravenousness and his gait grows slower and sleepier. Mephitis is very fat now. In the powdery new-fallen snow his zig-zag track shows a furrow of dragging feet between each print. At last on a blowy Winter evening he does not come out from his burrow at all. Snow chokes it, sealing out the cold, and Mephitis remains unmoving in his grass-lined nest-chamber. His mother and his brothers and sisters are there with him, and usually a friendly visiting skunk or two, and all of them lie curled together without sound or stir. Mephitis has entered into his Winter sleep.

He will stay there, dreamless and hardly breathing, until a subtle impulse warns him that mid-March of his second Spring has come and that it is time for him to set out searching for a mate. After he has found her, he will remain strictly faithful. In keeping with

the staid temper of his ways, Mephitis is an unwavering monogamist. He will beget his own brood of small striped progeny (or sometimes even as many as two or three litters, if the season is propitious), and he will resume once more his leisured quest for grubs and beetles. Year after year this will continue to be the unvarying cycle of his life—a life devoid of huge alarms and spectacular events, but even-tenored and amiable.

Mephitis remains unchangeably the same—a grave and friendly little fellow who esteems a quiet meal and a doze more highly than great adventures, and who wants no more (but wants this much with inexorable insistence) than to be treated with civility. It is good to know him not only because he is a valuable economic ally, by virtue of his mousing and beetle-hunting; not only because one of our great American cities, Chicago—Sikako—was named in his honor; it is good to make his acquaintance for the pleasure of meeting, in these distressed and war-torn times, one fellow-creature who will use his weapons only for defense, and in whose simple, earth-born philosophy the fragrant peace of a Summer evening is cause enough for whole-souled contentment.



POETRY

ON CONTEMPLATING AN OPEN FIRE

BY SARA HENDERSON HAY

MAN, the supreme sophisticate,
Inhabiting his world, transfuses
Its elements to his own uses,
Disguising their original state.
He builds his house of brick and steel,
Heaps concrete on the simple grass,
Traps lightning in a globe of glass.
On the four winds he sets his heel.
The rivers in their beds he chastens,
The foaming cataract restrains —
It turns his factories' wheels, or drains
Conveniently in porcelain basins.
He halts the seasons in their spinings,
Indoors, at least, no Winters find him;
Nothing he does serves to remind him
Of his primordial beginnings —
Except that, with the will to tame
And alter everything he touches,
He still piles log on log, and crouches
Before the elemental flame.

PRAISE FOR NIGHT

BY RALPH FRIEDRICH

BUT for this, her own shadow, the earth
Would know no night, no sudden surge of stars,
No miracle of moon against the West
Curved like a woman's breast

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Above the falling sun, no mystery of trees
Lifting their boughs in darkness. None of these
Could be her wonders. Nameless and unseen,
These planets would go over. Not for Mars
Would any eye be lifted, or the birth
Of Sirius in Autumn. Light would lean
Fiercely upon us, and the jaded sight,
Not having known the night,
Would come to cherish shadow, make of caves
A needful refuge, fashion of the sun
A hostile deity, and envy in their graves
The sheltered dead. Here, but for this, the one
Eventful shadow, what magnificence
Would pass us by, what shining excellence!

NEEDLE IN FLESH

BY FRANCES HALL

YOUR wrath is no clean arrow
Riving through my heart
With straight hard-spent precision
And quivering feathered dart.

Your anger twists and burrows
In the very quick of pain
So that even in calm years after
It may work to the skin again.

THE LIBRARY

America for Americans?

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

IN mid-December, as this is written, there sits at Lima in Peru a Pan-American conference which may prove to be, so far as the Western Hemisphere is concerned, the important event of the year, transcending in its implications the rape of Austria and the partitioning of Czechoslovakia, and the current crucifixion of the Central European Jew. In the old City of Kings Francisco Pizarro founded (you are shown his desiccated cadaver there, high in a glass casket on the wall of the Cathedral he began in 1535) are met the representatives of all the American Republics, to plot a course for the affairs of the Americas in a tide of world events increasingly troubled and obscure. These Pan-American Conferences are no new thing; the first of them was convened in 1826, by the Liberator Bolivar, and met at Panama, but the representatives of the United States did not attend it; and here was first enunciated, by the same far-seeing Bolivar, the

idea of a Pan-American Union, to which the United States did not at once subscribe. Since that date, some seven or eight conferences have been assembled to discuss the mutual business of the Western World; but not before this year of Grace has there existed so high a degree of external pressure, nor has the need of a Western solidarity appeared so apparent.

In the background of all the Lima deliberations will sit an old presence probably not discussed, for it has ever been a delicate subject to the south of the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande—it is the Monroe Doctrine. And because of the dull way history reiterates, it may be instructive to review the events which brought the Monroe Doctrine into being. It is necessary, then, to examine another post-war period, a period relatively as confused as the present era. The Wars of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars were finished; the Corsican him-

self was lately dead at St. Helena in the South Atlantic; the Spanish Bourbons and the French Bourbons were re-established on the thrones of their fathers; and the Holy Alliance was majestically engaged in holding back the hands of the clock. England, under George Canning's government, wrought busily to possess again the channels of world trade, somewhat gone from her in the course of a quarter-century of war by land and sea. In the West, the United States had secured Florida and entered upon the exploitation of the vast Louisiana territory; Monroe was president, and his Department of State sat uneasily aware of certain trends among the great predatory powers of Europe; trends, possibly to be implemented by arms, heading up towards the Americas. For the Latin Americas had taken advantage of the distress in Spanish affairs from 1808 onwards to assert their independence of the Most Catholic King. All the South American continent, Central America, and Mexico were free and recognized by the North Americans, or about to be recognized, as sovereign States. (One Spanish army in Peru, stumbling towards predestined defeat at Ayacucho, and it the last.) But the reinstated Spanish monarchy

deplored its shrunken territories, and sought in all the courts assistance to recover them.

Such assistance was not, considered the North Americans, unlikely; both England and France had trade interests in the Americas and an interest, also, in the integrity of the monarchical principle. Canning himself was known to be dallying with the idea of a fleet and an expeditionary force to establish British control in the Caribbean Sea. Another factor, disturbing to British and Americans alike, was the Russian expansion from Alaska, making itself felt against the Canadian borders, pointing southward also down the California coast, raising questions of timber, Indian control, and fisheries. From this last, between England, Russia, and Monroe's government, proceeded conversations, and the thing was in the chancelleries from 1821 to 1823. Monroe's message to the Congress of 1823 contained two pregnant paragraphs. The first advised the Congress that the minister of the United States had been empowered to arrange by peaceable negotiation between the United States and the Russian Imperial Government the respective rights and interests of the two nations on the northwest coast of this continent, and he concluded:

the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers.

Through the second paragraph this sentence was expanded:

In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. . . . With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more seriously concerned. . . . The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. . . . This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure . . . and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and will not interfere. But with the governments who declared their independence and who maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principle acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any

other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States. . . .

Thus Monroe, in 1823. The Russian matter was equably settled. The English liberals approved the pronouncement; George Canning, no friend to the Americas, did not approve, but it was apparent that, while England reaped no benefit, neither did France nor Spain, and he let the thing rest. It was, as Bemis says, a document for the future; Europe at large gave it scant attention at the time. Presently the voice of the United States had more authority, and it was not challenged until the years of the American Civil War, during which Spain occupied Santo Domingo, and France (1863) threw an expeditionary force and a puppet emperor into Mexico. Immediately the Confederacy was suppressed, Mr. Secretary Seward mobilized important land and naval forces on the Gulf of Mexico, and invited European attention to the Doctrine of 1823. Spain and France forthwith departed under the very definite threat of force. In 1908 Imperial Germany challenged it again, over the Venezuela claims; but Roosevelt I was president, and he mobilized the fleet, which was

again sufficient. Sufficient, because Germany believed, as Spain and France believed the other times, that the United States would fight. The Monroe Doctrine, then, came strongly through the World War period, and up to the 1930s. Thereafter, at Montevideo, at Buenos Aires, at Havana, curious things happened to it, our own hands willing on the knife; principles involved, and sweet ideals, not pertinent to this paper. As they come to Lima, nobody is quite sure how it stands; yet there is a conviction, or a hope, that its abrogation is for fair weather only. But that is the great question they must decide, where they sit in the old City of Kings. No one has stated it so succinctly as Mr. Secretary Hughes, in 1923:

The Monroe Doctrine is opposed to:

1. Any non-American action encroaching upon the political independence of the American States under any disguise.
2. Acquisition in any manner of control of additional territory in this hemisphere by a non-American power.

In the light of events current today, it would appear too obvious for argument that at no time in our history has the Monroe Doctrine been so cogent and so wise, and its integrity so vital for all the Americas, as it is now.

II

Having in mind the foregoing considerations, there is presented a most profitable and instructive book, *The Ramparts We Watch*,¹ by Major George Fielding Eliot, co-author, last year, with Major Dupuy, of the eminently sensible survey of the international military situation called *If War Comes*. War, to quote Clausewitz, is a continuation of political intercourse in a new form; it is the projection of national policy by armed force. The tools of war are armies and fleets. The first question to be asked of any tool is, what's the thing for? In logical progression you then determine how the instrument shall be used, and where, and when. Or, in military language, what is my objective? What force have I for its achievement? What opposition am I likely to meet? And finally, how, where, and when shall I proceed? The industrialist setting up a plant, the artisan with a chisel in his hand, follow a line of thought precisely the same.

Major Eliot's chief premise is stated in the first chapter: over all man's progress in the humanities, over all his dreams and wishful

¹ *The Ramparts We Watch*, by George Fielding Eliot, \$3.00. Reynal & Hitchcock.

thinking, force remains the final arbiter. There is no safety save in strength; there is no security save as that security is vigilant and armed. Only behind such armed security may a people pursue those policies, foreign and domestic, which it considers to its best interests. As for us, there appear to be three points in foreign policy to which we are devoted; the first two traditional, the third evolved by the economics of our national progress. Briefly:

The people of this country will not stand behind any league or covenant with foreign nations which may automatically involve us in a war not of our making, and in which we have no direct or vital interest. In a word, let us mind our own business.

They will not permit any territory in the Western Hemisphere to become the field of forcible exploitation and colonization by any non-American nation. Simply, the Monroe Doctrine will be enforced.

Finally, they are resolved to continue at least the existing measures of restriction upon foreign immigration.

In the opinion of this writer, the second proposition is the cap-stone of the whole edifice; and Major Eliot's views are not divergent.

Since the military force of free

peoples is the servant of their civil authority, it follows that our military policy is fixed by our foreign policy, and ultimately implements such policy; and we proceed with Major Eliot to those elements of national strategy under which our military and naval forces are applied. Strategy—the Greek root means, literally, the art of the Commander—begins where military policy leaves off. As any other art, it is based on general principles rather than on fixed rules. The principles of war, however variously stated, boil down to three: concentration of forces, offensive action, and security. If there is one decisive element in national strategy, it is geography; the terrain of the theater of operations. Through the simple matter of distance by land or sea, geography enters into the principle of concentration, its facility or difficulty; into offensive action, through the proximity of its bases; and into security, with the location and dispersion of force security indicates. Grave elements in our national strategy are the immense unfortified lengths of the Atlantic and Pacific coastlines, the long loop to the south for the Panama Canal, the remoteness of the Honolulu and Alaska outposts. More favorable is the circumstance that places our continental main-

land between two oceans, so that probable enemies can come at us only across blue water. But all modern distances have shrunk, and ours do not grant us immunity; we could be attacked and dangerously attacked, as Major Eliot shows. Our strategy must be defensive — our people would tolerate no other thought, and disturbingly large sections of them are unwilling, from whatever motives, to tolerate even so much. "But when it comes to fighting—" in the British officer's words—"the best way to safeguard your possessions is to bring such pressure to bear upon the enemy that he will be unable, or will not think it worthwhile, to continue his efforts to deprive you of them. In other words, it is best to *act* offensively." "Offensive action," continues Major Eliot, "is the all-important principle of American strategy; for it is normally to our advantage to preserve those peaceful conditions under which we carry on our trade and solve our domestic problems undisturbed by the harassments of war. This being the case, as will be generally admitted, it is obviously also to our advantage to make the waging of war against us an unlikely contingency."

Abridging necessary studies of time and space, the elements of

our national strategy may be summarized:

A properly-constituted fleet, superior in fighting power to any fleet or combination of fleets which can be brought against it, in either ocean; and that fleet concentrated in one ocean and not divided between the two.

An army adequate to the defense of domestic fleet bases, of important commercial areas, and of the outlying bases, particularly Panama and Honolulu; this army to contain anti-aircraft components for the defense of our cities, and a GHQ Air Force capable of dealing with any conceivable attack; and mobile land units sufficient to provide small expeditionary forces for critical areas, and to deal with possible enemy landings on our shores.

Finally, such forces, both naval and military, should be justly balanced, as a team is balanced, in their several components. They must be prepared to act offensively, in order that an aggressor must risk, not only failure of his assault upon them, but, should he attack them, immediate danger to himself and his vital interests.

Major Eliot then proceeds to an examination of our strategic position in the Atlantic. It is not unfavorable, even if we extend our

area of responsibility as far south as the ports of Brazil. Other than ours, there are no bases nor base facilities in being along the Atlantic seaboard of either continent. A foreign fleet or expeditionary force must trail its communications from 3000 to 4000 miles to reach us. But the Atlantic includes the Caribbean area and the Panama Canal, most vital keys to all our strategy, and no chances can be taken with them.

Westward, the Pacific is the largest and the deepest of the oceans. Its distances alone are almost prohibitive. An enemy would have no bases this side the Marshalls. Oahu, Major Eliot considers the strongest fortress in the world. It is a fleet base, and it stands on the flank of an assault by way of the Aleutians and Alaska. The west coast of South America is so remote from potential enemies that it can hardly be approached and probably would not be.

All this is to the good, and we enjoy it through the benevolence of an inscrutable Providence; our own physical contributions have not equaled the geographic dispensation. And it will serve us so long, and only so long, as our military and naval establishments render the risks an enemy must take

more impressive than the advantages he hopes to gain.

Which leads to an informal and sensible discussion of our combatant establishments—the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps—and of the American Soldier, Seaman, and Marine, who constitute them. I have seen nowhere a summation as adequate. I quote the Major's final paragraphs:

The degree of readiness demanded of us is far less in degree than is demanded of others less securely emplaced upon this planet. It is a price which we should gladly pay in defense of freedom. But it is a price which must be paid, if we are to escape the necessity of beginning our next war not as a free people but as a people under the yoke of arbitrary power. It is no matter that we may assume that yoke voluntarily. Assume it we must; a yoke is a yoke, and such yokes have this eternal quality, that they are not to be cast off as lightly as they may be assumed. We are accustomed to talk of our inalienable rights as free men; we do not as often think of the responsibilities which those rights impose upon us. "No man is free," said Epictetus, "who is not master of himself." To retain our freedom, it is not enough that we assert our rights, our privileges, that we lean upon the accomplishments of past generations and make no sacrifices of our own. The degree and nature of the sacrifices which we must make, that war may be avoided or that it may be quickly followed by victory if it comes, will be exactly conditioned upon the degree of instant readiness for action of the means we possess of offensive operations upon the sea, and

of the defensive measures securing the base from which those operations must proceed. If we compromise with these minimum military necessities, we are compromising with disaster. By such a policy, the people of Great Britain kept themselves at peace for a century, made themselves secure in their homes and means of livelihood for two centuries. Today we alone may pursue such a policy; but only if we provide ourselves with its essential instruments.

We alone may so arm ourselves as to be able — if compelled to do so — to inflict grievous hurt on others, while taking little hurt ourselves. In this is all our safety. In this is all our hope of being left in peace, to pursue our own way untroubled by the sound of distant war-drums. In this is all our hope, if war does come to us, of being able swiftly and certainly to bring it to a victorious conclusion.

We cannot bring peace to a warring world; but we can keep the peace of our own part of that world. We cannot settle the troubles of distant continents; but we can prevent the peoples of those continents from transporting their wars to the Western Hemisphere. We cannot shut ourselves off from every contact with other nations; but we can make sure that we command the seas which are the medium of those contacts — the seas which are our ramparts, and upon which we must stand our watch.

It all comes down to this: the ramparts we watch are the seas around the Western World; the frontier we guard is the frontier of freedom: not for the United States alone, but for all the Americas.



THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front advertising section)

BIOGRAPHY

★★★★ BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, by Carl Van Doren. \$3.70. *Viking*. There are, now and then in the world, men whose lives and works have a universal character; men who belong, not to a century or a period, but to all time. Benjamin Franklin was one of them. A great and wise man, moving through great and troubling events — as

this author says — he would have been conspicuous for his energy, wisdom, and integrity in any age and any land. Mr. Van Doren, in a labor of ten years, here presents him in his grand proportions; not as the hero of the prim success-story uninformed tradition cherishes, but as a person completely human, yet cast in a mold

infinitely larger than is ordinary for the children of men. The writing is scholarly and mature, and adequately documented. Recommended without reservation.

★★★★ THIS WAS A POET, by George Frisbie Whicher. \$3.00. *Scribner's*. Unless new materials are unearthed (which is unlikely), this will be the definitive life of Emily Dickinson. From a mass of data, some of it hitherto unexplored, Dr. Whicher has fashioned a sane, scholarly, convincing biography. His penetrating treatment of the controversial "love affairs" robs them of mystery, making them touching and altogether human episodes in the life of a strange genius. The poems, also, are analyzed so clearly that much in them that was obscure becomes plain.

★★★★ THE LIFE OF CHRIST, by Hall Caine. \$3.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. Hall Caine's two sons have condensed this volume of more than 1200 pages from several million words of notes and text. It is an excellent record of the life and times of Jesus, along the lines of the most advanced scholarship. Orthodox and fundamentalist readers will derive little satisfaction from it, for Caine has eliminated practically all miraculous and supernatural elements. Notwithstanding, the figure of Jesus loses none of its beauty or authority.

★★★★ YOUNG LONGFELLOW, by Lawrence Thompson. \$4.50. *Macmillan*. An examination of the poet's dreamy youth, ending with his second marriage in 1843. Until then he traveled, taught at Bowdoin and Harvard, brooded, and altogether gave little promise of future eminence. The period covered was one of great trial to the young professor; in our times he probably would have undergone psychoanalysis. This excellent book sets the early Longfellow record straight; the poet's brother, who wrote of him first, gave many a wrong steer.

★★★ A PURITAN IN BABYLON, by William Allen White. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. A biography of Coolidge which practically succeeds in explaining not only Cautious Calvin but his incredible times as well. Mr. White sees his subject as coming from another age and miraculously fitting into this one—his policy of "masterly inactivity" was exactly suited to the days before the deluge. An outstanding book, both as biography and history.

★★★ BEHIND THE BALLOTS, by James A. Farley. \$3.00. *Harcourt Brace*. Mr. Farley takes his hair part way down and drops a few political secrets, plus the story of his life. From boyhood he wanted to be a politician—nothing fancy in the game, merely a good, garden-variety politician and, of course, a successful one. Unlike many boys who dream dreams, Farley had the stuff. Now he is the outstanding garden-variety politician of his time, and proud of it. Aside from this Alger-like saga, the book is interesting for its informal portraits of the political great. Some day, it is to be hoped, Jim will let his hair all the way down.

★★★ THE PADEREWSKI MEMOIRS, by Ignace Jan Paderewski and Mary Lawton. \$3.75. *Scribner's*. A plain, sometimes naïve, narrative of the celebrated pianist and statesman's life up to 1914, revealing him as a loyal friend, a good hater, and a vigorous fighter for his rights. He devotes much space to his many triumphal American tours, and has innumerable stories about the great and the musical. A good look at an outstanding personality.

★★★ THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. Reminiscences of the celebrated Irish poet, which covers, in addition to his own life, almost all the literary figures of the last fifty years. As a boy, Yeats found it "difficult to attend to anything but his thoughts" and the same might be said (but not cap-

tiously) of this autobiography. His gentle melancholy, mysticism, and, of course, wit make this priceless reading for those addicted to unique personalities.

★★★ **GROUND UNDER OUR FEET**, by Richard T. Ely. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. The autobiography of an outstanding teacher and born rebel, whose life has been unusually satisfying. Such a full life naturally results in a worthwhile autobiography.

★★★ **MUSIC IN MY TIME**, by Daniel Gregory Mason. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. The reminiscences of a well-known composer and critic, abounding in names, anecdotes, pictures, and sensible judgments. Caviar for the musical.

★★★ **EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN**, by Mark Sullivan. \$3.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. Mark Sullivan, notable pundit of *Our Times* reviews his beginnings. Life on a Pennsylvania farm; then reporting for the *West Chester Morning Republican*; then editor of *Collier's*; finally syndicate writer and respected commentator on important affairs. The chapters dealing with his rural boyhood are the best reading, presenting excellently well American manners in a time now as remote as the Golden Age of Greece. The recital of *Collier's* strident toils in the stables of patent medicine and politics are less absorbing, but still of interest. Surely there will be another volume, for Mr. Sullivan came to serve in the medicine-ball cabinet of his great good friend Herbert Hoover, and can, if he will, tell as much as any man of the high policies in the nineteen-twenties.

★★★ **GOYA**, by Charles Poore. \$3.50. *Scribner's*. Definitive life of Goya, the fruit of study manifestly patient and thorough, no source neglected, and all data maturely considered. The swaggering painter from Aragon had the peasant toughness of his birthright, and he was informed with genius also. A Spaniard of Spain, painter to

four successive courts through his long life, his canvas was broad enough for all humanity; and his scorn and his love and his hate extended to all conditions of men and women. Around him legends clustered while he yet lived, and it is perhaps a pity that Mr. Poore, tireless pick-lock biographer, submits those legends to such relentless scrutiny. Yet you agree with the author that, considering his demonstrable acts and the work he left behind him in the world, no legend, however thinly documented, was beyond his capacities. The book is illustrated with representative reproductions of his various manners and periods, but there could be more of them.

★★★ **LILLIAN WALD**, by R. L. Duffus. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A distinguished biography of one of the most useful persons of our time. Miss Wald is chiefly identified with the Henry Street Settlement in New York City, but she entered zealously and intelligently into practically every social movement of the generation. Mr. Duffus does full justice to his subject's full life.

★★★ **WORLD OF ACTION**, by Valentine Williams. \$3.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Mr. Williams belongs to the extroverted-Negley-Farson school of journalists. He has covered some of the most important stories of this generation, and he tells of celebrities from Oscar Wilde and the Kaiser to Dorothy Parker. The most interesting section of the book deals with the opening of King Tut's tomb; the rest chiefly concerns behind-the-scenes events in Europe, with emphasis on the diplomatic set. Vivid and readable.

★★★ **MARGARET SANGER**. An Autobiography. \$3.50. *Norton*. Mrs. Sanger's autobiography is, of course, the story of her fight to legalize birth-control in this country—how as a nurse 23 years ago she began the battle and followed it through innumerable vicissitudes, including jail. Lately she has seen her work practically accomplished and her efforts universally recognized. She

tells of her life modestly and factually, in a sprightly style. A superior work, both as a life story and a commentary on our times.

★★★THE HIRED MAN ON HORSEBACK, by May D. Rhodes. \$3.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. The widow of Eugene Manlove Rhodes tells the strange story of her gifted, temperamental husband. Rhodes was the prototype of his swashbuckling cowpuncher heroes; by the testimony of contemporaries he was one of the best rider-roper-fighters of his time. He also was the author of short stories and novels which some critics consider the best Western fiction yet written. A highly colorful personality, for these days, and well worth a biography.

★★CHARLES SHEELER: Artist in the American Tradition, by Constance Rourke. \$3.00. *Harcourt Brace*. The indefatigable Miss Rourke offers the life and works of Charles Sheeler, Pennsylvania Academy pupil of William M. Chase. Neither an academician nor derivative, Mr. Sheeler has come to kill his own buffalo, after the true pioneer manner; not all American artists, nor many of them, have so developed. His renditions of the hard outlines and the plane surfaces of the modern American scene are done with courage and understanding, if not with inspiration. The book has forty-eight reproductions of paintings, drawings, and photographs.

★★HIGH, WIDE, AND FRIGHTENED, by Louise Thaden. \$2.00. *Stackpole*. The author is an outstanding woman flyer, winner of the Bendix race in 1936, and holder of solo, endurance, and altitude records. She tells here of her career and adventures.

★★DOCTOR AT TIMBERLINE, by Charles Fox Gardiner. \$3.00. *Caxton Printers*. Recollections of over fifty years in the mountain-wilds of Colorado, by a vigorous, genial physician.

★★PATCHES OF SUNLIGHT, by Lord Dunsany. \$3.00. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. Lord Dunsany's recollections of a life through which he appears to have enjoyed sunlight more than is ordinary with the children of men. Inconsequential, but not without sensible observations on his craft, which has been to spin fantastic and tender tales; and all set forth in sleek and beautiful prose.

★★DANIEL WILLARD RIDES THE LINE, by Edward Hungerford. \$3.50. *Putnam*. Mr. Willard is the president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, climbing the ladder from the bottom rung. A success story of the old school.

★★GEORGIAN ADVENTURE, by Douglas Jerrold. \$3.50. *Scribner's*. The autobiography of an English publisher, editor, and Franco-sympathizer, who has known most of the famous figures of the past quarter-century. Some World War reminiscences, much literary same, and an *apologia* for the Spanish Rightist cause.

MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT, by Jeanette Marks. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. A thoroughly engrossing story of the Barrett family, which corrects many misconceptions about Elizabeth Barrett Browning and her father. The outstanding Barrett, however, was neither of these, but the Edward Barrett who founded the family fortunes in Jamaica. Edward Moulton Barrett was his son and, according to Miss Marks, far more sinned against than sinning. Elizabeth and her poet figure prominently, of course, giving just the genteel romance necessary to make a distinguished book.

★★★★THE MACMILLAN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, compiled and edited by Albert E. Weir. \$10.00. *Macmillan*. A one-volume history with over 50,000 references to musicians, musical terms, and so on. It also includes

longer articles on such diversified subjects as ancient and modern Jewish music and modern electrical phonograph recording. A monumental and valuable work.

★★★★ POWER, A NEW SOCIAL ANALYSIS, by Bertrand Russell, \$3.00. *W. W. Norton*. Bertrand Russell is a pleasure to read, whether as an essayist, philosopher, or vulgarizer of science. In the first part of this volume he is at his best. Towards the conclusion the book deteriorates as the objective scientist and detached philosopher turns reformer via education. Russell's thesis about power is realistic enough to have been written by Machiavelli, or a modern fascist, though far too brilliant an intellectual *tour de force* to have had a fascist origin. He points out that the impulse to power is more important than the over-emphasized economic motivations of liberal and classical economic and political theory. He explains how power may be pursued, won, lost, and exercised in the economic, the military, the kingly, and the priestly ways. One of the chief weaknesses of liberalism has been its refusal to associate the lust for power with economics. The principal value of this book is its explanation of power situations, power behavior, and power politics. As Russell waxes constructive and proposes to cure the evils of power by education, he lapses from the otherwise high philosophical level of his usual thinking. Obviously, education is instrumental, not normative; a religious idea or myth may direct the power-seeking impulses along certain desired lines, but education merely serves such impulses with better or more scientific techniques for destroying enemies and achieving mastery. Russell doubtless understands this perfectly, but he had to have a happy ending which, for an irreligious rationalist, could only take the form of an ethics of power through education. This is the only bunk in the book.

★★★★ THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS, by Whitney H. Shepardson and

William O. Scroggs. \$3.50. *Harpers*. The sixth in the series of annual accounts of American foreign relations published by the Council on Foreign Relations and well up to the standard of its predecessors. Not just a useful reference work, but also a highly-readable narrative of important events and a clear exposition of underlying factors. Such books are more necessary than ever these days when the volume of foreign news in the daily papers is too great for any busy person to read, let alone digest.

★★★ THRICE A STRANGER, by Vera Brittain. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The author of *Testament of Youth* here traces the change of her attitude toward America — from a patronizing contempt, to a growing admiration, to a final affection and understanding almost embarrassing to the American reader. She has, however, injected some acid ingredients that prevent a too saccharine result.

★★★ ALONE THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN LAND, by Gustav Krist. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. This adventurous Austrian, for no reason save that he wanted to, broke into the forbidden Soviet protectorates which lie to the north of Persia, around the headwaters of the Oxus, and under the Pamirs, to see what he might see. He travelled hard and dangerously and saw considerable. The place-names where he went are of the ancient world: Samarqand, Bukhara the Noble. He saw the tomb of Timur the Limper, and the tomb of the Prophet Daniel. He crossed other trails more recent: Enver Pascha's, killed like a little brigand in Turkistan. He denies the report that the lambs of Qara Kul are torn before birth from the wombs of the ewes: the greatest humanity is practiced, he insists. An eminently readable book, with fine photographs.

★★★ INDIAN CAVALCADE, by Clark Wissler. \$3.00. *Sheridan House*. Recollections of life on Indian reservations early in the century. The author, an archaeologist,

visited ten reservations in all, and he does much to make Indians explicable. The purpose, though, is to entertain rather than instruct.

★★★ THE POETICAL CAREER OF ALEXANDER POPE, by Robert Kilburn Root. \$2.50. *Princeton University Press*. A fresh appraisal of the poet who is currently undergoing something of a revival. More a critical survey than a biography.

★★★ BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND, by J. Bennett Nolan. \$2.50. *U. of Pennsylvania Press*. An account of a little-known adventure in the life of the great Ben. Transforms fragmentary notes into a fascinating narrative.

★★★ THE PHARISEES, by Louis Finkelstein. \$7.00. *Jewish Publication Society of America*. 2 vol. A scholarly history of the development of the race whose philosophy and precepts, in the author's opinion, form the basis of modern civilization. Takes the development of Israel up to the Christian Era. Valuable and readable.

★★★ A PARISH IN THE PINES, by Lois D. Hagen. \$3.00. *Caxton Printers*. An account of Minnesota frontier life in the Seventies and Eighties, informative and quite readable. An addition to anybody's Americana.

★★★ A PEARL IN EVERY OYSTER, by Frank Sullivan. \$2.00. *Little, Brown*. Recent Sullivan, from the author's sensational dinner with the Cliveden Set to the latest evidence of the cliché expert. Mr. S. is still one of the top American humorists.

★★★ POWDER RIVER, by Struthers Burt. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Not the best of the Rivers of America Series—Robert P. T. Coffin's *Kennebec* has that distinction—but nevertheless a worthy part of a worthy undertaking. Mr. Burt gives a graphic picture of the great Western river, and of

the events that have occurred on and around it. Admirably illustrated by Ross Santee.

★★★ OUR PROMISED LAND, by Richard Neuberger. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. The promised land is the basin of the Columbia River, which embraces four of the largest states in the union (the title is taken from a speech by President Roosevelt at the Bonneville Dam). Herein are sketched the history, resources, characteristics, and possible future of the region.

★★★ REALITY, by Paul Weiss. \$3.50. *Princeton University Press*. A profound study of philosophy, treating individuals instead of events as the basic elements of the universe. The author is associate professor of philosophy at Bryn Mawr.

★★★ BEHOLD OUR LAND, by Russell Lord. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. A history of the development and utilization of the farm lands of the United States, and a careful study of the soil of the various sections of the country. William Allen White contributes the introduction.

★★★ SON OF OLD MAN HAT, recorded by Walter Dyk. \$3.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. The autobiography, as told to Dr. Dyk, of Left Handed, the son of Old Man Hat, a Navaho Indian. Remarkable for the details of the life of an unlearned and unsophisticated Indian of the Southwest. For the layman as well as students of the subject.

★★★ HIGH PRESSURE, by Jesse Rainsford Sprague. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. The economic and political changes in a typical community, and its devolution from a self-contained and prosperous community into something far less desirable. How high-pressure salesmanship, big-business methods, and labor disorganization unite to complete this demoralization. Not a pretty picture.

★★★ LAUGHING DIPLOMAT, by Daniele Varé. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. A

veteran Italian diplomat — and brilliant novelist — offers a lively, cynical journal of his career in China, Geneva, and other parts of the world. When he brushes the bloom off diplomats and diplomacy, he has much to say that is valuable as contemporary history.

★★★ **MCGILLIVRAY OF THE CREEKS**, by John Walton Caughey. \$3.50. *U. of Oklahoma Press*. The letters of Alexander McGillivray who, shortly after the Revolution, was the leader of the Creek Indian nation and was called the "Talleyrand of America" for his skill in frontier diplomacy. Excellent Americana.

★★★ **COURT OVER CONSTITUTION**, by Edward S. Corwin. \$2.50. *Princeton University Press*. The role of the Supreme Court in national affairs, as seen by an authority. Liberal quotations from the founding fathers.

★★★ **THE DAY OF THE LIBERALS IN SPAIN**, by Rhea Marsh Smith. \$3.50. *U. of Pennsylvania Press*. A thorough probe into the background of the current Spanish conflict, from historical and contemporary angles. Sound and comprehensive; for serious students only.

★★★ **THROUGH THE FOG OF WAR**, by Liddell Hart. \$2.50. *Random House*. Captain Hart sees the Second World War already under way, and from the vantage point of this, our Second, he looks back at our First, analyzing campaigns and commanders in the light of modern knowledge of what really went on behind the scenes.

★★★ **HISTORIC SALEM**, by Samuel Chamberlain. \$1.25. *Hastings House*. Camera impressions of the old town in four seasons: architecture, elms, antiquities, all beautifully rendered. Compare with *American Photographs*; the respective points of view diverge one hundred and eighty degrees, and both are honest.

★★★ **THE ART OF BUNDLING**, by Dana Doten. \$2.50. Countryman Press: *Farrar & Rinehart*. Sprightly examination of a custom the Founding Fathers enjoyed; a custom based, the author contends, as most customs, in the economics of heat and light and quarters: not erotic, not scandalous. Mr. Doten insists further that bundling was a decent and respectable usage, less damaging to the public morals than the current pernicious practice of petting on sofas. The illustrations, by Lee Brown Coye, are amusing and appropriate.

★★★ **THEY FOUND A WAY: The Story of Connecticut's Restless People**, by Ives Hunt Sterry and William H. Garrigus. \$3.00. *Stephen Daye Press*. A book dedicated to the greater glory of the Nutmeg State. Humorous, informing, and readable.

★★★ **AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHS**, by Walker Evans. \$2.00. *Museum of Modern Art*. Eighty-seven views of the United States, by an artist of insight and integrity. Not the Chamber of Commerce America, nor the Country Club and Residential Suburb America: here are the main streets of the small towns, the back streets, barber shops, and boarding houses of the larger ones; and the mill regions, and the auto bone-yards, and the country churches. And the plain people. Some of Mr. Evans' plates are beautiful and serene; and some are rather frightening, with their implications of waste, decay, and wretchedness. Not all America is like that, but some of it is.

★★ **THE FUTURE OF THE LIBERAL COLLEGE**, by Norman Foerster. \$1.25. *Appleton-Century*. The director of the School of Letters at the State University of Iowa urges bold reforms to bring the college into relation with the modernistic and humanitarian conceptions of life which are now dominant.

★★ **THE FIVE SISTERS**, by William E. Blatz. \$2.50. *William Morrow*. A serious

study, by an eminent psychologist, of the Dionne Quintuplets as scientific phenomena.

★★ **PORTRAITS FROM A CHINESE SCROLL**, by Elizabeth Forman Lewis. Illustrated by Virginia Hollinger Stout. \$2.50. *Winston*. Character sketches of Chinese types. Elementary and definitely pre-war, but replete with atmosphere and charm, and a beautiful book besides.

★★ **MEDICINE IN MODERN SOCIETY**, by David Reisman. \$2.50. *Princeton University Press*. The development of the author's Vanuxem Lectures at Princeton, wherein his thesis is that "the history of medicine is in reality an epitome of the history of civilization and should form a part of every man's culture".

★★ **THE BOUDOIR COMPANION**, edited by Page Cooper. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. A companion volume to *The Bedroom Companion*, of tender memory. E. M. Delafield, Kate Smith, Gertrude Stein, Faith Baldwin, and other talented ladies contribute, adding little to the subject that engages most of them — Men.

★★ **A DIARY OF MY TIMES**, by George Bernandos. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. As a Catholic and a Royalist, Bernandos protests against the course of the Church in Spain. He was in Majorca during the first year of the war, and writes graphically of its horrors; but chiefly he concerns himself with churchly matters and principles. For those who are endeavoring to reconcile the Church to the world of today.

★★ **OUR AMERICAN TROPICS**, by John E. Jennings, Jr. \$2.50. *Crowell*. An informal guide to Key West, lower Florida, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. Handy, if you are headed that way.

★★ **THE STRANGER**, by Colonel Marcellus L. Davis, Henry P. Davis, and C. T.

Davis. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. Fox-hunting in the American Southwest described, in story form, by three of its most ardent practitioners. An attractive book for the sportsman; well illustrated.

★★ **THE WINDSOR TAPESTRY**, by Compton Mackenzie. \$3.75. *Stokes*. Compton Mackenzie, the distinguished novelist and man of letters, writes a rather long and uniformly indignant book on — as they say — the greatest love story of our times. But it is only in his dealing with the romantic aspect of the tale that he exercises restraint. He seems to have set himself the mission to show that, against the historical background of the British Royal House, the recent exciting situation was no new thing; that the Hanover monarchs and princes have always followed, and been allowed to follow within very wide limits, their own inclinations in matters of the heart; and that neither throne nor nation were any the worse for such latitude: that, finally, the Eighth Edward was in all things the first gentleman of his realm, and through his very gentleness and high-mindedness was foxed, diddled, and betrayed by a malignant Trinity; Lord Baldwin, the *London Times*, and the Primate of all England with smug British conservatism baying lewdly behind. Mr. Mackenzie is a King's Man and strikes shrewd blows, but he does not dispel a conviction that Edward proved unequal to his responsibilities, and ran out from under them.

★★ **THE MODERN MIND**, by Michael Roberts. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Having polished off the poets in an earlier work, *The Critique of Poetry*, Mr. Roberts, a young Briton, here tackles with less success the philosophers. A convincing casuist, Mr. Roberts presents a good argument for "the living conception of religion that is expressed through poetry", and against the modern assumption, shared by many, that "anthropology can take the place of a moral

tradition, and that a knowledge of psychology can remove the need for an authoritative church".

★★ PAINTING FOR PLEASURE, by Morris Davidson. \$2.50. *Hale, Cushman & Flint*. Helpful instruction in the most harmless and delightful of hobbies. It deals simply with rudimentary things; the harmony of colors, the mechanics of painting; the basic facts of composition. Yet there are only seven pages devoted to drawing, and isn't drawing the foundation of all?

★★ CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS, by Albert Hyma. \$3.00. *Lippincott*. Aims to give pastors, teachers, and students a reliable account of the rise of modern Democracy, "Liberalism", Communism, Fascism, Socialism, and so on, in their relation to the Christian faith.

★★ GLOUCESTER AND CAPE ANN, Camera Impressions, by Samuel Chamberlain. \$1.25. *Hastings House*. The first of a series of camera impressions of "American Landmarks". Some seventy-five attractive photographs that will be admired by anyone interested in Cape Ann or its environs.

★★ LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN, Camera Impression by Samuel Chamberlain. \$1.25. *Hastings House*. Another "American Landmark". Excellent photographs of the interior and surroundings of the historic Inn at Sudbury, with accompanying text.

★★ SPEAKING FROM VERMONT, by George D. Aiken. \$2.00. *Stokes*. Plain talk from the outspoken Governor of Vermont on the future of the Republican Party and its present obligations. Stresses agriculture and labor.

★★ PUBLIC PERSONNEL PROBLEMS, by Lewis Merriam. \$3.00. *Brookings Institution*. A scholarly, practical study of the problems involved in the selection and

treatment of employees, with an analysis of civil-service regulations, salaries, etc.

★★ AMERICAN SHIPPING POLICY, by Paul Maxwell Zeis. \$3.00. *Princeton University Press*. An illuminating record of the failure of the Government to build up and maintain a merchant marine, and the reasons for the failure.

★★ YOUR LIFE AS A WOMAN, AND HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT, by Margaret Devereaux. \$1.95. *Random House*. What women ought to know about almost everything, including Things Men Won't Stand, beauty, children, homes, personality, and other subjects dear to the hearts of the sex. More serious and level-headed than the recent run of such books.

★★ THE ONE ACT PLAY TODAY, edited by William Kozlenko. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Articles by various hands, including Percival Wilde and John Gassner, on the technique, scope, and history of this little-used but worthy play-form.

★★ DIVORCE IF YOU MUST, by Frances Slade. Illustrated by Emery Godnor. \$.75. *Coward, McCann*. The pros and cons of divorce debated in brisk, Live-Alone-and-Like-It style. The book is addressed primarily to women, but men will find it good; in fact, it makes amusing reading whether the subject touches you or not.

★★ THE MUSIC QUIZ, by Gladys Burch and Helmut Ripperger. \$1.25. *Stackpole*. "A classics to swing game" of ask-me-anothers on musical subjects.

★★ CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS, by Burns Mantle. \$2.50. *Dodd, Mead*. Terse autobiographical information about our playwrights, prominent and otherwise. A comprehensive quick-reference book for the theater-minded.

(Continued on page xii)

THE OPEN FORUM

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS, AS OF 1941

SIR: Perhaps you can use the following in your Open Forum:

Scene: Washington, D. C.

Time: March 4, 1941

Event: Republican Inaugural Address

With: Apologies to Abraham Lincoln

Four score and sixteen months ago, one Franklin brought forth on this continent, a new notion, conceived in laboratories and dedicated to the proposition that all Republicans are created evil.

Then we were enraged by a great silly war, testing whether that notion, or any notion so conceived and so devastating could long be endured. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final testing place of those who here spent their lives trying to make that notion live — forever. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot devastate, we cannot confiscate, we cannot holler, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who experimented here, have desecrated it far above their lack of power to add or subtract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it will always regret what they did here. It is for us the livid, rather, to be dedicated here to unfinished the work which they who lied here have thus far so ignobly unbalanced. It is rather for us to be here liberated from the great trash remaining behind us — that from these dishonored debts we take increased protection against the cause for which they gave the last full measure of their demotion; that we here highly resolve that these debts shall not be paid in pain; that this notion under GOP, shall have no

new birth of freedom; that government of the feeble, by the feeble and for the feeble, shall ever perish from the earth!

JOSEPH F. DIETZ

*Syracuse,
New York.*

THIRD DEGREE

SIR: At this belated date I have just read Larston Dawn Farrar's article in THE MERCURY in defense of the third degree. In many respects I agree with him. I, too, believe that cops are justified in beating up known criminals to get confessions out of them. But I wonder if cops always use judgment in whom they beat up. I don't believe they do.

Take my case. I was once arrested on the charge of murder and a great big cop beat me up on my bare back with a rubber hose until I passed out. But I can say this much for myself. That cop did not get me to confess to a crime I had never committed. At my trial, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty on the first ballot, for which I was duly thankful.

That was more than thirty years ago, but to this day the beating that cop gave me remains as vivid in my mind as if it had happened yesterday. I hate that goddamn cop. I hate him. May he suffer the tortures of hell. My wife is a gentle woman, but I know she still hates that cop as much as I do — hates that cop for beating up me, an innocent man, at a time when I could not fight back.

A. G. STAMM

*Pasadena,
California.*

THE OTHER SIDE

SIR: What will Upton Sinclair produce-for-use when there is no longer any market for misinformation and Marxism?

LEE SMITH

*Hoisington,
Kansas.*

a defense of "private moral behavior": it involves a defense of all its effects—rape, debauchery, reckless driving, wrecked homes, and broken lives.

FRANK WILSON

*Farmington,
Minnesota.*

PRIVATE MORAL BEHAVIOR

SIR: Anthony M. Turano's article, "The Comedy of Repeal", leaves me in a quandary. "Will the nit-wits in our legislative halls never learn that the private moral behavior of the Americans cannot be controlled by statutory coercion?" Thus his article closes, and this seems to be the point he has attempted to prove. The logical inference is that Mr. Turano would like to see every restriction removed from the consumption of all beverages with alcoholic content, so that the drinking of whisky, say, would be as unrestrained as that of Coca Cola.

He calls any legislation tending to place checks on such alcoholic consumption, interference with "private moral behavior", which he assumes impossible of "statutory coercion". The question, of course, arises as to how one should define "private moral behavior". It is possible to conceive of a husband, still living morally under the early Roman law, who asserts that interference by the State between husband and wife in the instance, for example, of flogging, is arbitrary, insipid, and impossible of achievement. Also, it is quite conceivable that a murderer should resent "statutory coercion" in what he believes to be "private moral behavior". The point of departure seems to be at the word "private" in the question of control of "moral behavior". Just where does privacy begin and end?

In his list of "private moral behavior" would Mr. Turano include the debauching of immature girls? Logically, a defense of the unrestricted use of a drug which deadens the senses involves far more than

IN DEFENSE OF LAWYERS

SIR: Some time ago there appeared in THE MERCURY an anonymous article, "Don't Be a Lawyer". The author assembles many of the nauseating practices of which a few of the moral vermin who have been admitted to the bar have been guilty, and, from these isolated facts, reaches the astonishing conclusion that young men considering a life's vocation should shun "the law" as a pestilence.

Many, if not all, the facts set forth are true, as every reputable lawyer deplores, but the conclusion is demonstrably false. It is true, for example, that many so-called lawyers (not yet disbarred) are "ambulance chasers". It is, also, true that many men occupy judicial positions who are not only lacking in educational background, but are inexperienced and stupid, yet this applies only to those few who might be called the dumbbell fringe. These unhappy accidents will continue as long as judges are selected by election. But it is an incontestable fact that, as a whole, our judiciary is composed of learned and upright men.

The unfairness of the article is the omission to state the widespread activities of bar associations and others to rid the profession of moral fungi. Within the past ten years, scores of these persons have been subjected to discipline and even disbarred for life. The leaders of the bar do not attempt to deny or minimize these scandals, but on the contrary, boldly denounce them, and are slowly but surely separating the counterfeit from the genuine.

Your author strongly hints that the legal profession occupies a very low place in popular esteem. Fully aware of the slight-

ing way in which many thoughtless people sometimes refer to the profession, I undertake to deny this implication *in toto*. The vast majority of the legal profession is composed of men of unquestioned honesty, and people daily entrust them with their most important affairs, never doubting that they will receive competent and solicitous care. These are the lawyers who are doing 90 per cent of the legal business of this country.

In a word, if one declined to enter any profession because a few members of it have been guilty of outrageous unethical practices, he would close all professions against himself. Thus, the author's conclusion is an obvious *non sequitur*.

WILLIAM M. CAIN

College of Law,
University of Notre Dame,
South Bend, Indiana.

CONCERNING "THE WORKERS"

SIR: Who's afraid of the big, bad facts? Apparently not Channing Pollock and his fellow Mercurial writers along the same line. They can either blandly ignore them or make them do a somersault of half-truth into the lap of Capital. In a recent article Mr. Pollock breaks down the reality of the separation and opposition of Capital and Labor by sticking to technicalities of definition and by picking his facts. Does not many a clerk or engraver have shares in American Bell and does not many an owner-executive stay in his office fifty-nine hours in a stretch, is his contention. But such a union of Capital and Labor depends upon a mechanical application of terms; and people should be class-catalogued by their *main* source of income.

Turning the spotlight on Henry Ford, *et al.*, does not keep us from seeing Barbara Hutton also, who has said herself that she has absolutely nothing to do with running Woolworth's. That her name is legion and getting more so is indicated by unimpeachable figures on absenteeism and by the moral drawn by Owen D. Young:

"Now ownership has little or no relation to the conduct of the business." Big business and industry and their necessary substitution of scientific staffwork for personal ingenuities force capital to take a collectivistic turn and relegate private owners to mere coupon-clipping. Mr. Pollock himself mentions the fact that most of the managing is done by salaried men.

ROBERT H. HART

Atlanta, Georgia.

LADIES GET RILED

SIR: Isabelle Post's arraignment of "Southern Ladies" in your November issue has just come to my attention and I rush to the defense of my countrywomen. I think you will be fair enough to print the other side of the question, though my subject deserves a more eloquent pen than mine.

I have had the pleasure of being entertained in a number of Southern homes where the welcome was so gracious, the hostess so charming, and the food so delicious, that I experienced no difficulty at all in overlooking the "lurid details", mentioned by Miss Post, which appear to consist of the undisputed truth that the work is left to colored servants while the hostess devotes herself to having a good time and seeing that her guests do the same. But there is no accounting for tastes; some people may prefer the type of hostess who goes around with a strained expression, emptying ash trays and rubbing marks from the furniture. This species may be found in New England, the Middle Atlantic States, and the Middle West.

I must admit I am woefully ignorant of who Isabelle Post may be. But if she were kin to Emily of the same name she would surely know that snooping around your hostess' kitchen and then going forth to criticize is not being done this year, by ladies, either north or south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Breeding is not attained at college, despite Miss Post's evident belief to the contrary. The definition of a lady in

a Southerner's dictionary has always been and is likely to remain — one who is incapable of doing a mean or shoddy thing.

MARY GLENN

*Upper Darby,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: Having read Isabelle Post's article "What is a Southern Lady" in your November issue, I find that she has presented the plight of the poor white trash and the negro in the South, but that she has neglected to give us a picture of the "Southern Lady". Miss Post states that she has combined her thoughts after several years in the South. How unfortunate that she was not admitted to the best social circles. In fewer words, she has never met a Southern Lady.

The woman which she describes (those that can be had after three drinks) are unfortunately found in "red light" districts. I hope she did not descend to this level just to find material for a story. Upon investigation you will find that "Southern Ladies" are not found in these districts.

ONE WHO DOESN'T BUY THE MERCURY AND WHO WILL INFLUENCE OTHERS TO DO THE SAME.

*New Orleans,
Louisiana.*

SIR: Why do you publish such invectives as "What Is a Southern Lady"? Isn't there enough hard feeling against Damyankees without creating more?

Miss Post apparently lived long enough in the South to see more riff-raff than she had observed all her life in the North. Or perhaps she had grown so accustomed to it from long association that she no longer was conscious of it.

My observation has been that Northern women as a class are no neater than Southern women. They only like to discuss their scrubbing pails more freely. Southern women accomplish the miracles of housework so mysteriously that even their husbands think they are ladies of leisure.

And furthermore: if Miss Post thinks Southern Ladies read only the cheap pulps, why does she choose such a distinguished and patently highbrow magazine as *The Mercury* for her spoutings?

MRS. MASON DIXON

*Norris,
Tennessee.*

SIR: I have just finished reading "What is a Southern Lady" by Isabelle Post. The writer of this article has quite evidently been living in the slums of some Southern city to get the viewpoint that she seems to have. She states that *any* Southern belle can be had after three drinks. This, of course, is an impossible statement and I feel sure that any court in the United States would ask her to retract it.

MRS. EUGENE HENDRICKS

*Corpus Christi,
Texas.*

SIR: In your November issue you published "What Is a Southern Lady?". I would have been surprised to find such an article in any magazine. It reads like a piece of propaganda directed against an enemy that the writer hates and fears. I find it hard to understand why a magazine which has always taken a responsible part in directing American thought should consider any piece of destructive criticism valuable enough to print.

MARY McCALLUM

*Laurel,
Mississippi.*

SIR: In reading the November *MERCURY* we are filled with compassion. Poor Isabelle Post. We Southern women feel for her. She suffers from inhibitions. Obviously a left-over sadist, embittered by the knowledge that romance is not for her. She finds emotional release, let us hope, in ranting against the Southern "ladies I have undertaken to expose". Perhaps she will never find out that she succeeds only in exposing herself.

Poor Isabelle. Did she spend just a hurried two weeks in Dixie? If her stay was of

some duration then what sort of people did she associate with? For after all there are all kinds, and no one sort is confined to any one locality. Frankly, we cannot understand her surprise at finding that the South had a great middle class. In our ignorance we had believed that everything had a middle. Isn't there an endowment fund or foundation somewhere that would release Miss Post from the grindstone of the teaching profession long enough to give her a glimpse of the bigger forces operating in this world of ours? A bit of economics, sociology, and psychology would do wonders for her. Broaden her vision. Even to the point, perhaps, of seeing the South as it really is.

*Lynchburg,
Virginia.*

VERA THOMAS

SIR: I feel sure that the time Isabelle Post says she spent in our land, she was forced to spend it associating with the ignorant class—the one corresponding with your Northern Slums, that we hear so much about. But, if she and others of her ilk can't come here, accept our hospitality, and leave without maligning and misrepresenting us, as she has done, we all join in sincerely hoping that the "d—— Yankees" will stay north of the Mason and Dixon Line, where they belong. We want none of them; furthermore, I sincerely trust that Miss Post will never again feel called upon to visit us but stay in her own land with your Gangsters, East Side Assyrians, Dagoes, and others of that type. They will perhaps meet her requirements in birth, breeding, morals, education, and culture.

MRS. C. C.
(*A Southern Lady*)

*Birmingham,
Alabama.*

UNCLE SAM BUTTINSKI

SIR: Once more "The American Sympathetic Society" is on the march. No mat-

ter in what remote corner of the earth the distress signal is raised, our cohorts of great-hearts, in a stew of righteous indignation, rush to uplift the downtrodden and to reproach the aggressor. The Armenians were snatched from the bloody jaws of the hungry Turk; the arm of protest raised against Japanese activities in China; crocodile tears shed over the plight of the poor Ethiopians; and mixed emotions displayed over the Spanish crises, depending upon which way the subservient press was blowing public opinion. The entire nation sat up with radio commentators feeling Czechoslovakia's pulse more closely than that of a sick aunt, while such eminent "authorities" as Dorothy Thompson and H. V. Kaltenborn passed the word on to the breathless mob. Now the troublesome Jew is in the world spotlight of oppression. While Germany deals with a domestic problem, millions of sympathetic Hebrew cousins thump the drums of propaganda on the Atlantic Seaboard and Uncle Sam obediently puts on his "world-umpire suit", talks big navy, and prepares to call the strikes in another international farce.

Only a few short weeks ago a wave of pacifism swept over the country and mass conflict was roundly denounced. Now FDR slaps Adolf's wrist while the galleries echo with shouts of approbation. Domestic problems are shelved in favor of making faces at rulers across the sea. Scatterbrain theories have been hatched in incubators fired with midnight oil, though the Jews have been a problem since Pharaoh's time, and it is unlikely that even a phenomenal country like the United States will solve it.

Most singular of all is the paradoxical attitude of the United States on foreign affairs. In our brief span of history we have subdued and segregated the Red Man, chained and freed the Black Man, and driven the bonus army out of Washington, without once being menaced or threatened by foreign invasion. Yet we wish to attend personally all disturbances in Eurasia, finger world pies, and thumb noses at all arm-

raising rulers. Our citizens insist in swimming in the deep waters of international entanglements and then clamor for the strong lifeguard's arm of Uncle Sam at the first sign of danger. Once home they write current best-sellers on "actual conditions". We challenge the *status quo* of any government which does not jibe with ours and attempt to superimpose a strange civilization in an environment which we fail to comprehend. In short, Uncle Sam has found a system which works pretty well here and is attempting to sell it to a lot of people who really don't want any. Backed by the Monroe Doctrine we feel free to repel all foreign activities in this hemisphere, yet retain the right to be the world's greatest meddler.

America should decide now to heed not the booming of a distant drum or else arm full strength and start swatting dictators right and left—mostly Left—and maintain a world police force ready to settle a squabble at a moment's notice. Alexander Pope wrote some time ago of a philosophy which dominates the national scene of hysteria when he described Evil—first scorned, then pitied, then embraced.

HOWARD GRIFFITH

*Bellefonte,
Pennsylvania.*



IN DEFENSE OF THE TROPICS

SIR: The Open Forum letter from Robert G. Robel, debunking the Tropics, got under my skin because of its unfairness when Mr. Robel says: ". . . in the South Seas, I have still to see a beach that is not composed of a cross between sea-slime and black mud", and generally deploras the living conditions and berates the charms of the Tropics.

One must, of course, have a certain amount of the romantic and a love of the beautiful to see the beauty of these tropic lands. I have spent numberless years in the Spanish Americas and traveled the Tropics, and when I come home to the States it is

not long before my soul is traveling to the lands beneath the Southern Cross—and one of the brain pictures that first comes rushing to my mind is a stretch of gorgeous tropical beach at some part of the tropical world. I lived for more than two years in Puerto Rico and I know a spot in Humacao on that lovely island where there is a beach which is probably one of the most enchanting in the world and another at Fajardo; also in La Venta, a couple of dozen miles north of the Panama Canal on the tropic coast of the Republic of Panama. A good friend writes from Tahiti that there is a beach on the island of Bora Bora (where the movie *Tabu* was made) which is doubtless the most gorgeous in all this wide world. On those beaches, under the silvery glory of the Southern Cross or a swinging moon crescent one may drive all the dross and care of the sordid world out of his system and spin dreams of joy and gladness while the trade winds make a soft refrain in the fronds of the palm trees over one's head and the surf booms down a sparkling shore. There is much in the Tropics that heckles ones nerves, the incessant heat, the lack of seasons, and, in places, the lack of proper sanitation, but when our friend states that the Tropics do not have glamor he is stepping on the toes of many a tropic adventurer and wanderer; one thing these lands do have is exotic beauty and glamorous adventure. Let us not take this away from these "Hot Countrees"!

Ten miles to the south of here there is jungle that is mighty and majestic, adventure for the hungry (with Indians like God made 'em), roving jaguar, soft-treading puma, gleaming eyes of the alligator, and winding rivers through emerald forests that take the breath of the lover of Nature. There may be heat and fever and ticks and danger and reptiles and the insect's sting—but why do men plunge into the "bush" each week with a light of joy in adventuring in their eyes, and emerge weeks later with yarns of exciting thrills and splendid experiences? Because there is beauty there

—silver nights, wide beaches, and a quiet and peace that cure the inner ills of man. Beauty is here in the Tropics, if one can but see it in Nature—silver in the skies, and gold along the tawny beaches, just as it is in the piny North woods, in the Connecticut woods in Autumn, or a northern California beach in Spring. Each country has its charm, each its outstanding source of joys and enchantments—and each its curses and its disadvantages. But when it comes to berating the beaches of the Tropics our friend and reader of *THE MERCURY* is surely on the wrong track. This is one thing we do possess.

SEYMOUR POND

*Cristobal,
Canal Zone.*

ORCHIDS

SIR: I have read every article published in *THE MERCURY* during the past year, and now for the first time number myself among the morons and suppressed literary geniuses who make up the legion of the country's letter-to-the-editor writers. I have violently disagreed with the thoughts and ideas expressed in many of your articles, in fact so much so that, had I reacted as a great number of your readers claim they have, I should have conveyed the first copy I read to the furnace, washed my hands, and dropped a vile note to the editor pointing out how base he must be to permit such a thing to be printed. All this would probably have been done on the basis of one article, when the same number probably contained six or eight with which I was in hearty agreement. On thinking it over after a year's *MERCURY* reading I have come to the conclusion that whether or not I agree with any given article is of little importance to the nation compared with the importance of the maintenance of free controversy. This letter is written to those Americans, many of them your readers, who are unknowingly attempting to slaughter democracy by their downright intolerance

to the free controversy *THE MERCURY* is trying to maintain. They are the persons who judge the merit of an article solely on the basis of how near it comes to reflecting their own sentiment. They don't know that there would be no America or no democracy if it were not for the toleration of differences in opinion and their presentation to the public.

I have noted with interest that a great number of your readers during the past year have reacted in a most adolescent manner to differences of opinion between themselves and *MERCURY* contributors. To point out exactly what I mean, I have selected what I consider the worst letter appearing in the Open Forum during the year, a mere fragment in the August issue objecting to your article, "Chastity on the Campus" as follows: "No coed ever wrote that article. This is one magazine that will never come into this house again." I do not know the writer, or anything about his life, nor do I even remember the name he signed, but I do know that he and all like him are the unknowing enemies of American democracy. He was doubtless one of millions who would disagree with the ideas of the article, but like the other millions, instead of recognizing that this is one of the vital problems of the industrial age, and needs the sympathy of the whole of American society, he denies the article. A person would have to be cloistered from all of Twentieth Century life to sincerely believe that there is only one side to the vital problem presented by this coed, or to the thousands of other social and economic problems which face our century. They will never be solved by either stubborn conservatism or unchecked radicalism, but by patient controversy. There are hundreds of magazines which present the side of this objector quite regularly, either through open articles or through implication, so of course he does not have to read *THE MERCURY* to find agreement with his ideas. One intolerant objector is not of enough importance to warrant the writing of such

a letter as this, but when there are thousands of such people in a nation it is time the matter was brought to light.

Finally may I point out that I am personally taking neither side in the discussion raised by the article I have mentioned, but merely have used it to illustrate my point, which is to point out the great dangers of such moronic intolerance to the spirit of controversy, and ask the persons responsible either to present their disapproval in intelligent and logical arguments or not at all. To the United States I give — continued democracy. To THE MERCURY — another year of successful controversial publishing.

R. D. HARRIS

*Chicago,
Illinois.*

SIR: I read part of Harold Lord Varney's article, "Radicals in Our Churches" to my church one Sunday morning and now they will give no money to denominational organizations because part of it goes to the Federal Council of Churches. Yours for results,

REV. AUSTIN D. ELMORE

*Crawfordsville,
Indiana.*

SIR: In ye olden days a gentleman named Diogenes wandered around looking for truth. Whether he found it or not, I do not know. But I can imagine a large number of us out searching for the same thing, lanterns in our hands, hunger in our hearts, frowns upon our brows. Yet we do not have to do it, as a messenger of glad tidings a few years ago brought to us the name of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, since which time, we have been revelling in a monthly intellectual feast. It is heart-warming that we have a few magazines that bear the torch of truth for the guidance of us poor mortals, else we would be lost in the fog of the New Deal propaganda. Too large a portion of the daily press reminds us too forcibly of Bobby Burns' mouse —

"Poor wee, trembling, timorous beastie".

If there is any weight to the statement that "the truth shall make you free" then THE MERCURY is right out in the van, refreshing the souls of a sadly bedeviled humanity, building up our courage, and giving hope to the weary and downhearted. May you live so long that the skin of a gooseberry will make a night cap for you and your two shin bones make two drum sticks to rattle your soul to glory. *Pax vobiscum.*

A. W. FENTON

*Marcell,
Minnesota.*

SIR: Will you please give to Lawrence Dennis the congratulations of a humble reader of his "Class War" piece. I totally agree with his emotional reaction to events — it would be very difficult to make a more accurate or more interesting summary and interpretation of the events than he has made. I totally disagree with him as to what is desirable for the future — since I feel that Mr. Roosevelt's act in bringing the Class War to America entitles him to a place as the greatest figure of our times; but that is a matter of opinion, and detracts for me from the brilliance of Mr. Dennis' essay in not the slightest degree. It is a swell piece of work. (I am not a Communist — but I am not an ostrich, either; and this article is fair warning to ostriches.)

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

New York City.

PREP SCHOOLS

SIR: Permit me to express my opinion regarding your article and letters regarding prep schools. I attended two leading private schools, Stuyvesant High School, N.Y.C. (public technical), graduated from Columbia University, plus graduate work at the University of Southern California and the University of California. For eight years I taught in five leading Pacific Coast

private schools. Admitting but few exceptions, I can prove these charges against private schools. I also include the convents and Catholic colleges.

First: The laboratory equipment in chemistry and general science is woefully inadequate, and in no way comparable to such equipment in public schools. The teacher is unable to perform the demonstration experiments discussed in the texts. It costs about \$4000 to equip a physics laboratory and I have yet to teach in or visit a private school which is properly equipped. (Warning to parents: Pay no attention to the beautiful pictures in the catalogues; go to the school yourself.)

Second: In technical and manual training the public schools are the only schools which can afford machine-shops, foundries, and electrical shops. Such equipment in private schools is rarely anything but a half-hearted bluff.

Third: Although many adventurous and capable men become temporarily shipwrecked as private school teachers (particularly engineers) the monotonous cuisine, monastic life, and poor pay lead them to obtain other work. Virtually all the private school chefs I have known were temperamental discards who knew forty different ways to spoil potatoes and led double lives: one at the school and one drunk. (Note: the teachers agencies on the Pacific Coast expect qualified, two-degree men to work for sixty dollars a month plus board.)

Fourth: Religious support or endowments rarely seem to improve conditions. Although the nuns in convents work unpaid and the property is tax free the food does not seem to be better than that in schools run for a profit.

Fifth: In schools where military drill is accented so much of the pupils' time is wasted in Napoleonic antics that he has no time for books. These obsolete parades of the wooden soldiers are splendid preparation for the jobs of theater ushers and bell-hops.

Sixth: Unlike the system of Regents

Exams in New York State, the teachers in private schools write their own exams and a lazy teacher is always the most popular because he High-Grades.

I once foolishly fought a lost cause on ethical grounds and tried to flunk a millionaire's son and make him repeat the course. Such a violation of all precedent led to faculty consultations and I was told that although I was a splendid teacher I somehow failed to appeal to the best in this particular punk. Said punk was given three hours of gracefully sugar-coated tutoring by the principal, a soft boiled exam, and passed.

LEON D. KAUFMAN

Los Angeles,
California.

HISTORY AND MYTH

SIR: Mr. Schachner's article "Do School-books Tell the Truth?" deserves hearty commendation. Every earnest historian is confronted with the task of carefully separating long-accepted legends from the substantial groundwork on which every nation is founded.

While engaged in research during the writing of *The Exquisite Exile*, the life of Peggy Shippen Arnold, many of the notations made by Mr. Schachner were examined and checked for accuracy and I too, experienced the difficulty of isolating fact from accepted fiction. It seems that before the modern wave of "debunking" historical characters, one had to be wholly good or wholly evil. There was no middle ground. If a national hero possessed any of the human frailties, the legend writers regarded it as a sacred duty to invent incidents calculated to place the subject on a white pedestal. One of the victims of this questionable method was Washington, whose known character really needs no apology.

J. T. Headley, a widely-read historian of the middle of the Nineteenth Century, in his work, *Washington and His Generals*,

gives this glowing description of General Francis Marion, the picturesque "Swamp Fox" of the South: "As a partisan leader, Marion has no equal. One cannot point out a defect in him, nor suggest a single good quality which he did not possess. To sleepless, tireless vigilance, he added an energy and perseverance that nothing could shake; and to bravery, which never deserted him, a prudence unmarred by a single rash act. Provoked into no haste, beguiled into no procrastination, unelated by success, undiscouraged by defeat, he baffled every plan of his pursuers to take him, and kept the field in the very midst of his foes." One can hardly picture such a blameless character without a perpetual halo above his snow-white brow, yet the sober record of Marion's honorable service makes such a honeyed description completely superfluous.

While modern biographers and historians, in order to inject "reader appeal", sometimes overemphasize questionable incidents and scandal in the lives of the great, many of the current "fictionized" biographies are going to add to the difficulties of future historians. Fiction has a distinct and valuable field but it should have no place in what purport to be historical works.

HARRY STANTON TILLOTSON

*Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania.*



FDR DEPARTMENT

SIR: After reading "Roosevelt Does Not Want Recovery" in the November *MERCURY*, I decided that there had been a typographical error made in printing the author's name. Correct me if I am wrong, but should it not have read "Harold, Lord Varney"? Surely it must be, and he is the Knight Courageous for whom I have been looking the past few years. He placed blame where blame belonged. That, in this day of mental or physical invalids, is a rarity. I salute Lord Varney! But to under-

stand completely why FDR does not want recovery, Mr. Roosevelt's peculiar personality must also be understood.

If one gets a rotten meal in a restaurant, is it proper to go back and kick the dishwasher on the shins? No; you kick to, or at, the boss. Yet from the day that F. Deficit Roosevelt broke his solemn oath, pledged on the Holy Bible, to the present, the majority of critics have blamed "the Administration". And who in hell is the administration but the said F. Deficit himself? Does anyone think for one minute that any subordinate would countenance or openly advocate any measure or theory opposite to the ideas of the hand that feeds him? Not by a damsite. And naturally it is too much to expect that a rather mediocre mentality would choose assistants smarter than he is — lest they outsmart him.

Of course F. Deficit does not want recovery — no one then would have time for him. As it stands now, he controls the destinies of industrialists, doctors, dentists, lawyers, bankers — millions of people both well and sick. As he figures it — never again would he dominate all America, if recovery came. He must make the most of it *now* — must plan to continue it as long as possible and in order to do that recovery must be staved off until he gets a crack at the top job again. Afterwards — shrugged shoulders and a flip of the long cigaret holder.

WARREN T. HANLEY

*Santa Barbara,
California.*

SIR: A convincing proof that a large majority of the American people are hopelessly infantile and moronic is the fact that they have gladly stood for six years of Roosevelt's swineries and insanities and still beg for more. Another curious fact worth noting is that, among the opposition there has been no genuine, courageous leadership worthy of the name. Among the millions of individuals out of sympathy with Rooseveltism there has not been one

willing to risk his neck, his fortune, and his reputation in carrying the fight directly to Mr. Roosevelt's own doorstep, where all the responsibility lies. In a country noted for the number of its millionaires, its vast wealth, and the bewildering variety of its privately-owned daily, weekly, and monthly publications, there is no single instance of men of wealth willing to back a publication devoted to spreading the truth and all the truth behind Roosevelt's policies, and fighting them tooth and nail. In a word, it would seem that our conservatives and men of wealth wish to retain a modicum of what they possess and still keep their skins whole, never having learned the fundamental truth that for those who lack the courage to defend their property it is already lost to them.

Roosevelt's objectives have for years been perfectly clear. He is a faithful disciple of Karl Marx and he has for his ultimate object the complete destruction of private wealth. His first move, soon after he was elected for the first time, when he refused to join with the previous Administration to help prevent the great bank panic, was more than a straw in the wind.

He has not the remotest idea of ever allowing the country to return to normal. He has brought it thus far on the road to ruin, and intends to continue on the same road. He has already sensed that with growing government deficits; mounting taxes; millions still out of work and with no desire to work; the paralysis of private enterprise, something might happen not entirely creditable to him and his backers, so to provide for contingencies he has commenced to fan the embers of war. The Germans, Italians, and Japs are all bad people and their ideologies are even worse. This is certainly a broad enough basis on which to pick a fight. When domestic conditions become intolerable, no up-to-date politician with a genial smile and a pleasing radio voice would hesitate for a minute to involve his country in an international war. With such a war in progress, all the New Deal insanities, stupidi-

ties, and crimes become a closed book never to be mentioned again under pain of death; the lives and private property of millions of citizens are absolutely at the mercy of one man and the totalitarian state will be fully launched where the individual is only a slave and democracy, liberty and freedom are only empty names.

I do not think it will be many months before we will hear the tramp of millions on their way to avenge the alleged inconveniences and wrongs suffered by some thousands of German and Italian Jews.

ROYAL P. JARVIS

*El Oro,
Mexico.*

SIR: After being off the subscription list for a year and a half, am now on again; and want heartily to congratulate you on THE MERCURY's improvement in that time and on your fearless attacks on the Roosevelt adventure into the ranks of the dictators. Your editorial in the October number expresses—and I am sorry to say it—what I have been saying and fearing for two years. I have contended that Roosevelt did not mean well—that he was playing on the masses—as demagogues do—simply to get laws passed by a subservient congress that would make him a dictator. To gratify his inordinate vanity and love of uncontrolled power. And that however necessary a war with Japan might seem to be—and she is a great menace to us—it would lead, with war restrictions, to the total loss of the liberties that we have fought for for so many centuries. My only regret is that THE MERCURY has not several million circulation, as have the moronic tabloids, to wake the people up to the danger ahead. But perhaps the morons would simply turn to the radio to hear the silvery enchanting voice and tales of FDR—of whom, when his followers tell me “He talks so fine over the radio,” I say “Did you ever know of a first class confidence man who did not talk fine”? If anyone had told me twenty years ago I would be in favor of restricting uni-

versal suffrage, I would have hooted them. Events have proven that only such restriction — if it could be done — will save our form of government.

Wishing you are wrong — fearing you are right — in your sizing up of the future,

WILLIAM DOUGLAS JOHNS

*Seattle,
Washington.*

SIR: I don't know whether I am right or wrong, but I want to ask you this question: it seems to me as though this man Roosevelt has attacked every good and progressive man in the United States, and that he is an enemy to all things that have made this country the most wonderful country in the world, and that his thoughts seem to be that everything that has been done for the last 150 years is wrong, and the thought strikes me that he pretty nearly got to the end with his New Deal changing everything made by man, and I was wondering where he would start next, and as we know the Supreme Being is over all men. Did he or did he not attack the Supreme Being with one of his last moves when Commandment IV says, "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work"? Didn't Roosevelt even change this and say "Five and one-half days shalt thou labour, and then rest"?

E. C. GLEDHILL

*Galion,
Ohio.*



DIFFERENCES OF OPINION DEPARTMENT

SIR: The article by Dr. Fox, "Do You Wear Eyeglasses?", contains the following questionable statement: "malevolent drops to dilate eyes during an examination" are necessary to bring out the full measure of refractive error so that a proper correction may be prescribed. He further states, "I do not know of a single case in which drops have caused permanent damage." Dr. Fox is

evidently not an authority on refractive errors of vision or he would never make assertions which are not in keeping with modern optometric knowledge. The above statement is inaccurate and unfair to readers.

In the United States about 90 per cent of all glasses are prescribed without the use of drops. Optometrists, who are the only ones especially trained and qualified by law to do this work prescribe over 80 per cent of this number. The danger connected with the use of drops is too well known today. I have before me a report of the Surgeon General of the United States which states that there are approximately 700 people totally blind in the United States from medical malpractice and wrong medicine. Medical authorities insistently caution against the indiscriminate use of drops. Drops are not necessary for the purpose of prescribing glasses. I have a neighbor who only last year wanted glasses fitted — the examiner used drops — the reaction blinded this man for months and he is now only able to use his right eye — a nice mess to get into for a pair of glasses.

I believe THE MERCURY printed this article in good faith — it has simply been imposed upon. In fairness to your readers, please make every effort to correct the effects of this article.

DR. O. R. ENGELMANN

Illinois State Society of Optometrists

*Chicago,
Illinois.*

SIR: I am grateful for the opportunity to answer optometric criticism against my article on glasses. For years optometrists have been issuing fright literature on "drops". For years they have been bringing out new instruments to "make drops unnecessary". Why go to all this trouble? The answer is that optometrists are forbidden by law to use drops. And making a virtue of necessity, they argue against them.

Eye specialists — *i.e.*, graduate doctors of medicine specializing in eye work — have

found that drops are often necessary for a proper eye examination. In many eye diseases and injuries they mean the difference between saving and losing an eye. They frequently mean the difference between a medical and an optometric eye examination. This may mean the discovery and correction of disease as well as visual error on the one hand and the prescription of worthless glasses for such conditions as retinal detachment, high blood pressure, and nephritis on the other. We see the latter in hospital and office constantly.

That "medical authorities insistently caution against the indiscriminate use of drops" is quite true. No drug is safe in the hands of the ignorant and untrained. Fill a man with too much common table-salt and he will die. That is why we have our optometric laws.

It all comes down to this: we eye physicians feel that drops are often necessary for a complete eye examination and in many disease entities. Optometrists, out of the depth of their non-medical knowledge, say they are not. I am perfectly willing to leave the matter to the unbiased intelligence of your readers — all the horrendous literature of the optometrists notwithstanding.

SIDNEY A. FOX, M.D.

New York City



SEX — OR NO SEX

SIR: I have lately sent in a subscription for THE MERCURY, and probably will renew when it expires; *but*, I am decidedly opposed to the discussion of sex in this form of magazine. That nauseous function *inter urinam et faeces* has been dished up in public quite long enough. Such writers are a curse to civilization.

Relative to Anthony Turano's distress: those worn-out "Chestnut" words — "prude", "conservative", "hypocrite", so often applied by the prurient to those who object to the public exhibition of "tother-end" — don't imagine for a moment that

one does not see through the motive! These epithet-hurlers know they are looked upon as indecent by all healthy-minded persons, so they retaliate by calling names. A person should be proud of being called a prude. The fact is, nine persons out of ten are irredeemably coarse.

I think some good old Methodist or Baptist should make you a subject of prayer. Whether there is a God or not, telepathy might do the work.

J. E. A.

Athens,
Pennsylvania.

SIR: I heartily congratulate Anthony M. Turano for writing such a highly enlightening and wholesome article as "Is Sex Lawful?" Certainly anyone with any degree of intelligence can see that what this country needs is an abundance of such articles on sex to bring out into the light the matter in its naked form so that it can be scrutinized with a clear eye. Why are people continually running away from sex as something taboo and unmentionable? Why do they, by so doing, outwardly admit their inability or timidity to solve the problem as it should be solved? Sex, like anything else, would soon become matter-of-fact simply by constant open, honest, intelligent, and unprejudiced discussion.

There is nothing sinful about sex. What is a sin is our pettiness and false modesty concerning our already (unfortunately) established moral codes, whose only claim for existence is a long and rigorous handing-down from generation to generation. This is the age of enlightenment — then why not enlighten? Nothing needs more of it than sex. Has the public no right to become educated? Must millions of people suffer because of the prudishness of a few? Must we remain backward by continually veiling the true facts simply because some people are narrow-minded?

As far as depraving the youth of America is concerned, I honestly believe that no such thing can happen. Undoubtedly more

youths are depraved through ignorance than through intelligent enlightenment. Why should they be any more immoral than they would be anyway? If they understood this "mysterious" sex bogey then they wouldn't be tempted with the exciting unknown. The youth are the hope of the nation. What hope is there for ignorance?

JOSEPH EDMONSTON

*Providence,
Rhode Island.*

SIR: I occasionally buy your magazine. I find many interesting and valuable articles in it, but I would not subscribe for it for the reason that I would not permit it to come into my house containing, as it almost invariably does, a lot of modern, outspoken sex filth. If any possible good could be accomplished by featuring this type of literature, I should be for it; but to my mind, the contrary is positively the case. Possibly your circulation manager considers this ideal material, and you no doubt know what is good for your magazine from a financial standpoint, but I seriously question whether you know or care what is good for the moral well-being of the country. Discussion of sex matters is necessary and also very important in the right place, but I cannot believe it to be in the interests of the public to front-page them.

Were it not for this feature of your publication, I should be very glad to become one of your permanent subscribers. As it is, I would as soon have deadly poison scattered about the house.

J. M. SAWYER

*Greene,
Maine.*

SIR: Hurrah for Anthony Turano! His sane and splendid satiric article in the November issue, "Is Sex Lawful", was read aloud before a group of highly-intelligent boys and girls and hailed with great gusto. Nor was it merely an impulsive outburst of enthusiasm. Not only are they students of

organic evolution, but they discuss birth control, sex relations, abortions, prophylaxis, with the candor of an obstetrician; therefore see no reason why a factor of so vital importance should not be discussed in all its minute details. I have long discovered that if there is to be any progress in the world it rests with the young. When the Catholics say, "Give me a child until it's seven", they know what they're about. But this, too, is effective in the field of science, and most certainly the premise is on a firmer footing.

Since our home is the rendezvous for the intellectual humanitarians, I was asked to convey an expression of appreciation in their behalf. We all hope you will continue panning the burnt-out male vice-snoopers and the nasty-nice Mrs. Grundys.

CHRISTINE ADAMS

*Seattle,
Washington.*

SIR: Apropos of your reply to Alfred I. Simon that "tucked away as we are in our editorial cloister, our interest in sex is purely academic", I am reminded of an incident in Spokane, Washington, in its early and "wild-west" days. A "madam" of a house was up before the Police judge on the charge of keeping a house of ill-fame. Indignantly she protested it was respectable, "You were there yourself Saturday night!" Hastily the Judge exclaimed, "Only in an official capacity, Lizzie, only in an Official Capacity!" Enough said.

OLD TIMER

*Seattle,
Washington.*

IN BRIEF

What Miss Isabelle Post says about Southern ladies may or may not be true. But this we do know — that Southern womanhood brandishes a wicked pen. We have been flooded with sizzling letters from below the Mason and Dixon Line, about 99 per cent

of them protesting vigorously against Miss Post's article. A typical—and one of the mildest—rebuke we have received is from Edna Arnold Copeland, of Elberton, Georgia, who writes: "Your splendid magazine is read throughout our Southland, and it's a pity that such material from the pen of Miss Post should be allowed to soil its pages". Other writers, in referring to the magazine, used less flattering adjectives than "splendid". We hasten to tell our fair Southern friends that the appearance of this article in *THE MERCURY* does not mean that the editor agrees with it—if we believed utterly in everything we printed, we would be crazier than our worst enemies say we are. *MERCURY* articles are published because we think they present interesting points of view, because they are informative, because they are well-written, or for any one of a number of reasons. The only writing in this magazine which we stand behind four-square is our editorials; we mean every word of them. As for the other articles, we frequently agree with their point of view—usually do—but often we do not any more than our readers. No one will consider this surprising if he glances over the list of our contributors in the last four years—it reaches from Emma Goldman to Ogden Mills! . . . Robert J. Caldwell, of New York City, writes: "Reviewing your editorial on the newspapers not giving us all the truth, I wonder why you do not supply these missing links yourself?" The answer is twofold: first, the material for this magazine is prepared on the average of three months before publication date, and hence it is impossible for us to comment on current events; and second, there are only 128 pages in this magazine and, to print half the news the newspapers do not print, would require somewhat nearer a thousand. . . . E. W. Fergusson, of San Francisco, and Howard E. Craft, of Springfield, Massachusetts, write good letters in answer to Fletcher Pratt's article *U. S. A.: The Aggressor Nation*. . . . On the subject of the difficulties of childbirth we have

quite a slew of objecting letters, the best of which we thought were from E. S. MacIntyre, of Holmesburg, Pennsylvania; C. G. Grilling, Hayward, California; Mrs. G. D. Peavy, Salinas, California; and *The Wife Of A Country Doctor*. . . . The Jewish problem brought comment from, among others, E. Green, Ardmore, Oklahoma; Joseph Vieders, of Brooklyn, New York; and Frank Reymann, Los Angeles. . . . Upton Sinclair's appearance in *The Other Side* riled the boys up, too. Beside the letters which we print in the Open Forum this month there was intelligent comment from T. A. McHenry, New York City; Ralph A. Kuss, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin; E. Craney, Dallas, Texas; E. H. Yost, New Martinsville, West Virginia; and many others. . . . We should like to thank also the senders of reams of good letters on other subjects. The best of the month we thought were from the following: Dr. Eric Lindroth, Long Beach, California; Mildred Jensen, Dayton, Ohio; W. H. Munroe, Washington, D. C.; Mr. F. W. McDonell, Radburn, New Jersey; Niles Jefferson, Moorhead, Minnesota; Roscoe Peacock, North Cohocton, New York; J. E. Fuller, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Paul Brinkman, Jr., Portland, Oregon; M. T. E. Sandwick, Clavering, Essex, England; Jules Bisus, Chicago, Illinois; William Ellison Fuller, Cocoa, Florida; Rollin F. Jones, Los Angeles; Burton K. Smythe, Woodbury, New Jersey; H. F. Needham, Buffalo, New York; Homer L. Horst, Londonville, Ohio; J. B. Ballantine, Denver, Colorado; Frank Earle Schermerhorn, Philadelphia; Cole M. Rivers, Milwaukee, Oregon; Betsy Crabtree, West Bridgewater, Massachusetts. . . . Many more nominating lists in our Unpopularity Contest have arrived. But the contest is closed. We may mention the following names of nominators, however, as having sent in first-rate lists: Fred C. Allen, Schumacher, Ontario; American, Birmingham, Alabama; Karl Baarslag, Brooklyn, New York; Katharine Bacon, Westport, Connecticut; Elizabeth Barber, New York City;

Lionel J. Bonner, Westport, Connecticut; F. S. Brown, New York City; William L. Buck, New York City; Mary G. Chisholm, B. J. Colross, New York City; Thomas D'Arcy, Troy, New York; Clarence H. DeMar, Keene, New Hampshire; Margaret DeMar, Keene, New Hampshire; Arthur Douglas, Kansas City, Missouri; C. Einkopf, Medford, Oregon; J. M. Farrell, Hutchinson, Kansas; "Doc" Hanley, Santa Barbara, California; E. Randolph Harlon, Westport, Connecticut; Paul C. Hessler, Wilmington, Delaware; L. M. Hubbell, New York City; William D. John, Seattle, Washington; F. J. Johnson, Cleveland, Ohio; C. R. Jonas, Lincolnton, North Carolina; R. H. Jones, Madison, Wisconsin; Verne P. Kaub, Madison, Wisconsin; Robert M. Larson, Bloomington, Indiana; Helen D. MacHugh, New York City; Waldo H. Mann, Westboro, Massachusetts;

Charles E. Mason, Waukegan, Illinois; I. M. Mattern, Rochester, New York; G. L. McKinney, Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania; Charles McKnight, Verona, New Jersey; Kenneth C. Miller, New York City; Charles Moody, Jr., New York City; Barbara Moore, F. A. Mulcahy, Elmira, New York; W. G. Newmyer, Pasadena, California; Mike O'Leary, Denver, Colorado; George Perrine, New York City; Fanny Pratt, Needham, Massachusetts; Norman R. Price, Marlinton, West Virginia; George N. Roberts, Waban, Massachusetts; George E. Saybrooke, New York City; Lee Shepard, Cincinnati, Ohio; Kerin Stanhope, Cohoes, New York; Theodore D. Starr, Jr., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Oliver Swett, Needham, Massachusetts; Ramsay Taylor, Baltimore, Maryland; D. R. Smith Van Geldery, Red Bank, New Jersey; and Jean Wilkin-son, Los Angeles, California.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

LAWRENCE DENNIS (*Our Nation of Wishful Thinkers*) is the noted author and lecturer on world affairs. **HARVEY S. FORD** (*Why War Is So Popular*) lives in Burton, Ohio. **RALPH FRIEDRICH** (*Praise for Night*) teaches in the Cincinnati public schools. **SARA HENDERSON HAY** (*On Contemplating an Open Fire*) has contributed verse to *THE MERCURY* and other magazines. **FRANCES HALL** (*Needle in Flesh*) teaches English in a Glendale, California, high school. **STEWART H. HOLBROOK** (*The Homestead Murders Case*) is a frequent contributor to *THE MERCURY*. **ROBERTO PINA** (*Mex-*

ico's Runaway New Deal) is a native resident of Mexico. **FLETCHER PRATT** (*The Million-Word-a-Year Man*) has written books and articles on a wide variety of subjects. **JOHN STRACHEY** (*The Future of Nazi Germany*) is the foremost communist intellectual of the English-speaking world. **JESSE STUART** (*The Judge Takes a Holiday*) is the Kentucky short-story writer and poet. **ANTHONY M. TURANO** (*The Calendar Is Out of Date*) has contributed to many issues of *THE MERCURY*. **KARL F. ZEISLER** (*The Saga of Model T*) is a newspaperman in Monroe, Michigan.



The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

If you belong to that large group of people to whom a questionnaire offers an irresistible challenge we believe you will find stimulating adventure in this list of questions on subjects pertaining to the steel industry.

Correct answers to the Bethlehem Quiz will be found on page x.

1. One of the six terms listed below applies to an element frequently used in making steel:

- a) Singhalese (b) manganese
- (c) Manchukuo (d) obese
- (e) dextrose (f) mongoose

2. The new bridge which is being constructed by Bethlehem Steel Company across the Connecticut River in western Massachusetts is named for:

- a) Noah Webster (b) Robert Gould Shaw
- (c) Jonathan Edwards (d) Calvin Coolidge
- (e) Henry James (f) Cotton Mather
- (g) Elihu Yale (h) Eleazer Wheelock

3. Hematite is a:

- (a) Substance without which the blood does not coagulate.
- (b) Form of iron ore.
- (c) Half of any given object.
- (d) Trade name of an electric hemstitching machine.

4. If you were prospecting for iron ore, the chances are that you would carry one of these instruments in your pocket:

- (a) thermometer (b) compass
- (c) stethoscope (d) rheostat
- (e) electrograph (f) barometer

5. What large steel company supplied the fabricated steel and erected all but one of the following structures:

- (a) New York Central Building, New York City.
- (b) Ambassador Bridge, Detroit.
- (c) Taj Mahal, Agra, India.
- (d) Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.
- (e) Refinery for La Direccion General de los Yacimientos Petroliferos Fiscales de la Republica Argentina.

Answers to Bethlehem Steel Quiz

(See page IX)

1. (b) Manganese. When manganese is used as an alloy in steel, it increases the strength of the steel in its natural or "as rolled" condition, and improves the combination of strength and ductility after heat treatment.
2. (d) Calvin Coolidge. Located near Northampton, the bridge is named in honor of that city's most famous citizen.
3. (b) Form of iron ore.
4. (b) Compass. The compass is affected by the presence of iron ore in the ground.
5. Bethlehem Steel Company.

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ORCHESTRAL

***†† *El Sombrero de Tres Picos, Falla:* (Victor Album 505, \$2.50); *1812 Overture, Tchaikowsky:* (Victor Album 515, \$3.50). Arthur Fiedler uses the most honest and straightforward, least sensuous, stick, to compel the efforts of the loudest and most robustious band recording. Mr. Fiedler makes records of the kind of music no one dares approve and everyone likes. Such works are translated into disks by the jovial conductor and skilful Boston Pops Orchestra with a spirit comparable to that with which one dashes an endorsement upon a large and quite unexpected check. This lack of pretension occasionally produces records thoroughly right (the *Donner una Blitzzen* Polka of Johann Strauss, for example), never seriously amiss, and usually endowed with the valuable characteristic of being, as a whole, better than their competitors. And so with the *Three-Corner Hat*, and the *1812*.

***††† *St. Paul's Suite, Holst:* (Columbia 17113-4, \$2.00). Striking and unusual fidelity marks this recording of a string orchestra, one under the direction of Reginald Jacques and bearing his name. The work is an ingratiating little illustration of Holst's favorite synthesis: folk-tune, J. S. Bach, and a mild dose of dissonance.

***†† *Nutcracker Suite, Tchaikowsky* (Decca Album 23, \$2.25). Designed primarily for children, with a reduced orchestral and justifiable excisions, this set ought to please everyone who likes the music; for Alexander Smallens conducts a responsive band in an unusually brilliant performance very clearly caught by the recorders.

****††† Russian Modern Music:** (Columbia Album 347, \$2.50). A bit each by Meytuss and Mossolov; two by Shostakovich. Both M's are naïvely old-fashioned (cp. *Pacific 237*); S is more resourceful. The records are of real value for people who want to know by their own ears what music is made in Russia; and Julius Ehrlich leads the Orchestra Symphonique de Paris in performances heightened by sensational recording.

****††† Pavane and Gigue, Byrd:** (Victor 1943, \$1.50). These attractive trifles are played by Dr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra in a simple transcription by the conductor. An agreeable disk, but a more definite label would not be unwelcome.

INSTRUMENTAL

****††† Cello Sonata in A Minor, Schubert:** (Columbia Album 346, \$4.50). Prepossessing but not great Schubert, this Sonata was written for the abandoned arpeggione. Transcribed by Gaspar Cassado as a Cello Concerto, the work has been available for some time as Columbia Album 139. The version here has Emanuel Feuermann as cellist with Gerald Moore at the piano; it offers about as heavenly a piece of cello-playing as mortal ears can hear. The way in which Feuermann retains an exceptionally full tone with the most eloquent phrasing, while slurring not the smallest note, is astonishing and beautiful.

****††† Sixteen Waltzes, Op. 39, and Edward, Op. 10, No. 1, Brahms:** (Columbia, three 12-inch disks, \$5.00). Such commendable playing and recording call for comparison with the records by Bachaus (Victor). The pianist here is Anatole Kitain, less devious, less "interpretive" than the German; collectors will buy the style they prefer, no doubt. Kitain is the better recorded.

††† Chaconne (from Partita in D Minor for Violin Alone), Bach-Busoni:** (Victor, two 12-inch disks, \$3.50). A musicianly performance of Busoni's celebrated busonic, admired and loathed transcription for piano of the Chaconne, which some musicians profess to prefer to the original. Johana Harris is the pianist; she is given good modern standard record-treatment.

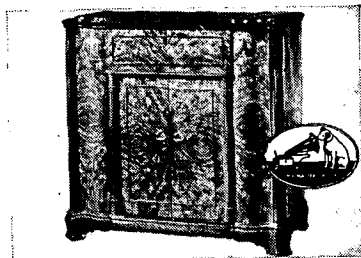
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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 240)

★ ★ YOUTH AND I, by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. A girlhood in Boston and Europe during the period when life was serene and stuffy. Has the charm usual with such nostalgic records, but the publishers are over-optimistic in comparing it with *Julia Newberry's Diary*.

★ ★ INVISIBLE STRIPES, by Warden Lewis S. Lawes. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. The latest book from the idealistic warden of Sing Sing, the most interesting part of which is a 100-page diary written by an upper-class American who did a stretch for embezzling. Most of the remaining text is devoted to comment on the diary, the parole problem, and so on. Interesting, if you like the subject.

★ ★ THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR, by Grace and Beverly Smith and Charles Morrow Wilson. \$2.50. *Stackpole*. An amateur gourmet and his wife made a tour of the States, sampling the average housefrau's cooking in a strictly informal manner. Result: An interesting report of eating conditions in private homes, interspersed with (not so interesting) recipes.

★ ★ TELL ME THE TRUTH, DOCTOR, by Irwin I. Lubowe. \$1.50. *Dorrance & Co. (Philadelphia)*. Thorough discussion of social diseases and sex hygiene, presented by means of questions and answers.

★ ★ WE ARE 40 AND WE DID GET JOBS, by C. B. Thompson and M. L. Wise. \$1.47. *Lippincott*. An inspirational book for those 40 and over, containing some good common sense, pep talks, and "a unique personal employability test".

★ ★ LIBERALITY AND CIVILIZATION, by Gilbert Murray. \$1.00. *Macmillan*. A series of inspirational lectures in British Universities by Greek-scholar Professor Murray. His thesis, quoted from the late President Masaryk, is that no State can long stand if it infringes the broad rules of human morality. The assumption of the primacy of a universal ethic is as old as

Plato, but the fate of Czechoslovakia and the resignation of President Benes being as fresh in our memories as they are, this sort of wishful thinking seems as remote from current realities as the Platonic dialogues.

★ **ANNAPOLIS TODAY**, by Kendall Banning. \$2.50. *Funk & Wagnalls*. Information and advice for the would-be midshipman and the morbid civilian. A good, comprehensive job of its kind.

★ **CECIL BEATON'S NEW YORK**, by Cecil Beaton. \$4.00. *Lippincott*. Mr. Beaton dashes madly over the map of Manhattan, jotting impressions furiously. His haste, in fact, is so great that he misspells the names of most of his friends.

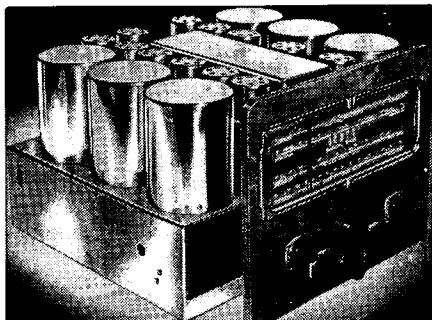
★ **THE PATROL IS ENDED**. By Oloff deWet. \$2.75. *Doubleday, Doran*. Another Loyalist mercenary — this time an Englishman — tells of his experiences as a flyer in Stalin's campaign to Save Democracy in Spain. Good writing, but much propaganda.

★ **ALONE**, by Richard E. Byrd. \$2.50. *G. P. Putnam*. A practically day-by-day description of Admiral Byrd's solitary five-month vigil in the Antarctic interior, undertaken, it is said, in the interests of science and the Admiral's personal philosophy. Much of the time he was deathly sick, and his refusal to summon aid seems a bit boy-scoutish. But Daring Dick evidently got what he went after.

★ **LORDS OF THE PRESS**. By George Seldes. \$3.00. *Julian Messner*. Comrade Seldes' latest tirade against the newspaper publishers is dedicated to the American Newspaper Guild, and it might well be adopted as their Bible. Brother Broun is depicted as a knight in shining armor, and all papers except the *Daily Worker* are mouthpieces of the Economic Royalists. The American Newspaper Publishers' Association is, of course, nothing but a gang of crooks, and Senator Sherman Minton, who recently introduced a bill to gag critics of the New Deal, is even more of a Galahad than Heywood. A feeble and biased indictment; which is a pity, because our ignorant and dishonest press has never been more open to legitimate attack than it is today.

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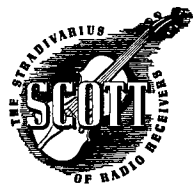
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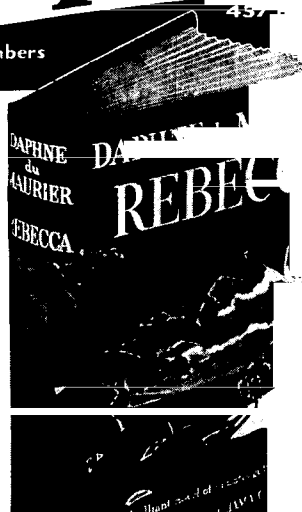
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Then suddenly Rebecca's body is found alone in the hold of a

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